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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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MEXICO'S NEW OIL MUSCLE



President
José López
Portillo



Peacemaker in a troubled land

By Gayle Murphy

In a tangle of farmers emerging from a seven-year war, the imagery was perfect. Prime Minister Robert Mugabe appeared in a black and white—in "his" words in plain language—and help build a new country. With statements like this since his election victory almost three months ago, the self-proclaimed Marxist has divided his image among whites as a revolutionary sage and mental reconstruction and pragmatism as the first two aims of his rule. The result has been to make Zimbabwe's transfer to black majority rule under a socialist government far less traumatic for whites, and more peaceful in general, than anyone had expected.

To build up white confidence Mugabe asked Lt.-Gen. Peter Wallis, who directed the government's counterinsurgency war against Mugabe's guerrillas for seven years, to stay on and oversee the integration of the two opposing forces into one new national army. Also, whites were given the two key posts of finance and agriculture in Mugabe's cabinet. (Although former prime minister Ian Smith reportedly made three separate trips to Mugabe's home offering himself as a cabinet minister, he was not able to get a place in the cabinet.) The professional-looking 55-year-old leader has sent out the word that without exceptions does not necessarily mean penny-anticipating policies. He intends to build on existing structures, not on clear ashes. He has told the country's 6,000 white farmers that his government will not interfere with "productive" commercial ventures. At the same time, it will set about acquiring abandoned or deserted white farming land to establish collective farming schemes for black peasants.

Yet, while enjoining revolutionary rhetoric, Mugabe has made clear that he has not abandoned his intention to create a socialist state. "Democratic centralism," a system in which the party also becomes identical to the government, remains his preferred style of governing. The same themes of conflict and pragmatism charmed out Mugabe's attitude to his most venomous and important neighbor, South Africa. For the time being, he will maintain the status quo in both diplomatic and economic ties with Pretoria. At the South African diplomatic mission in the Zimbabwean capital of Salisbury, where furniture had already been packed for when South Africans thought would be their expulsion, it's still business as usual. Although he will not use force or South Africa through diplomatic and political means, Mugabe promised he would not give military aid or bases to anti-apartheid insurgents. While all this has averted a possibly white exodus and pulled the rug out from under hard-liners in the South

African military who favored moving against Mugabe, skepticism remains the prevailing attitude among whites in both countries. "Can a leopard [as a Marxist] change its spots?" they ask. Many Zimbabwean whites in the army and civil service say they will leave at the end of the year when their contracts expire. But Mugabe's credibility with whites is less critical to him than his credibility with blacks, and providing the jobs, better economic benefits, free schools and medical care that his voters expected from independence will be Mugabe's greatest challenge. Already black workers have put in the pressure in widespread wildcat strikes in industry, mining and agriculture.

Black coal miners brought production to a halt last month, forcing Zimbabwe to import 150 tons of coal from South Africa as a stopgap measure. As a black leader and father of an son "Smith didn't want any black man to get more money in his job than we will." And if not? "Then we will change Mugabe, too." Other problems simmer beneath the surface as Mugabe attempts to consolidate his position. An increase in crime, widespread guerrilla bulging at the discipline of a regular army, and tribal rivalries between Mugabe's majority Shona tribe and the minority Ndebele tribe of his defeated former guerrilla partners, Joshua Nkomo, are some of them. He also faces pressure within his own Zimbabwe African National Union party, where a radical faction is pressing for more drastic and quicker change in regard to relations with South Africa. Finally, there is a bitter disappointment at the defeat of Nkomo, whom they had favored throughout the war with money and arms. The Soviet delegation at Zimbabwe's independence celebrations got a cold reception from Mugabe and walked out after his bid to have them in a secret meeting with Nkomo's leaders while in Salisbury for the festivities. They have not yet been allowed to open an embassy.

In Belgrade recently Mugabe, who has close links with Yugoslavia and Romania, warned about the danger of "Chernobyl," the bad word in the imagined world for Soviet interference. This allusion to the Soviet thriller the Chinese, who gave Mugabe the bulk of his army, and the Americans "Mugabe's victory is the biggest setback to the Soviets in Africa," said one high-level American policy-maker. Even the South Africans seem to see the blessing in disguise they have got. For Mugabe, however, all this superpower interest unfortunately means that, without wanting it, he is a player in a very dangerous game.

Johnsburg-based journalist Gayle Murphy is a regular contributor to *Maclean's*.

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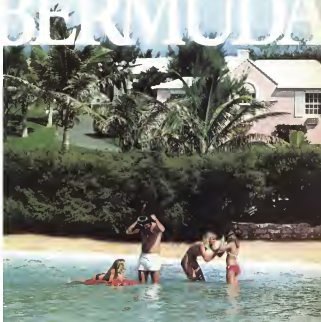
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For Mugabe's demonstrators, can a leopard change its spots?



On our own

By James H. Gray

They lay the ball with foreign investors and their investments. Let's make the 1980s the decade in which Canada does for itself what has to be done to bring our country to maturity.

For 30 years the imperative need to attract foreign investment to Canada has been an abiding theme of establishment economists, chartered bankers, deputy finance ministers and such a diverse assortment of politicians as Pierre Trudeau, Robert Stouffville, René Lévesque, William Davis, Sterling Lyon and Peter Lougheed. In this legacy they have been supported by an array of influential think tankers, free-market advisers from the sidelines.

Canada has attracted foreign investment in such volume that we can no longer service our international debt except by borrowing more of the same. To do so we have allowed our interest rate to reach ruinous levels for Canadians, for the sole reason of keeping foreign investment rolling in. The amazing thing about this idiot project is that nobody seems interested in calculating the cost to the country of the foreign exchange outflow resulting from the foreign investment inflow. The *Financial Post* corporation data cards are full of case histories. Let's take a look at one pulled at random.

This company—the name isn't relevant because there are so many—is owned 90 per cent by its parent multinational, and has been since its inception. Twenty years ago it was capitalised at \$10 million, made up of \$100 per common stock. So the original foreign capital investment was \$7 million.

Since then the company has made one 100-per-cent stock dividend and the common stock has been split four-for-one on five occasions. Between the splits several rights to buy additional shares were extended to shareholders. If the parent company exercised all its options, reinvestment would have increased to \$100 million and it would now own 72 million shares of the company stock, worth at current market prices about \$2 billion. On the original out-of-pocket investment of \$100 million, the parent company now receives \$70 million a year in dividends. Over its lifetime the Canadian company has paid some \$2 billion in dividends of which more than \$6 billion went to the foreign investor. In summary a company that has invested \$100 million in Canada has extracted more than \$1 billion in dividends on its investment and is now earning 30 per cent annually on its original investment. The name of the game with foreign investors is "retained earnings." That one now has retained earnings in its Canadian company of more than \$1 billion and total assets of more than \$2 billion in its total \$100-million investment.

This, obviously, is one of the big companies. But there are scores of others which are by no means bank legends. What uses the big one apart is that we know about its internal moniemaking. But what goes on in the bowels of the

wholly owned subsidiaries nobody knows. In the wholly owned cross-border companies—automobiles, for example—the profits earned in Canada and shipped back across the border are the function of cost allocation. It is standard practice for all American corporations to maximise their profits in the states where tax benefits are greatest and taxes lowest. There is just one reason for investing in a Canadian subsidiary. That is to earn greater profits for the parent company than it could make by exporting to the Canadian market.

The aggregate of all the dividends and interest being paid out places an impossible burden on our foreign exchange by increasing our payments deficit. Only once in the past 10 years have we been able to earn enough from our export surplus in merchandise trade to achieve a current account balance. Last year the deficit was more than \$10 billion. That the 64-cent dollar and the recent 37.5-per-cent prime interest rate.

All this is happening 40 years after this country mounted one of the greatest industrial expansion in history and financed it all out of our own resources. Then, after the Second World War, armies of agents for American industry moved in to start buying us out with our own money. Naturally, there was some "forcing-with-albums." It is not quite 30 years since Graham Towers, then governor of the Bank of Canada, toured the country to dampen down the concerns. Stop worrying, was his watchword.

When Mr Towers was on the loose, Canada's foreign debt scarcely exceeded \$4 billion. Ten years later, after American multinational oil companies had stamped to buy up

our natural resources with American tax dollars, our foreign debt had reached \$27 billion. It was doing about here that James E. Coyne, then governor of the Bank of Canada, cried, "Hold! Hold!"

Coyne called for an end to reliance on foreign capital. He recommended a massive program to encourage Canadian investment in Canadian companies, industry, research and development. He asked Canadians to stop flying beyond our shores, to quit making investments by foreign borrowing. For giving voice to such heresies he was hounded out of the bank by John Diefenbaker, while the Liberals in Parliament hid in the storm cellar.

As the value of our foreign debt rises toward the \$60-billion mark, from where it was when Coyne got fired, so will our balance of payments deficit skyrocket. In face of the fact that Canadian history has demonstrated that Graham Towers was totally in error 30 years ago and that James Coyne was on target in all his predictions 20 years ago, I would like to suggest that the government make it a first offense for any of its advisors to advocate any policy to encourage further importation of foreign capital into Canada.

Author of eight books on world history of Western Canada, James H. Gray has written on foreign investment for 30 years.



'None of the game with foreign investors is retained earnings'



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Dateline: Stavanger

Canadians abroad in a land still pure



By Gerald Clark

The trouble with using a child like "blue-eyed shikis of the North," even when it refers jointly to Alaskans and Norwegians, is that it's an after-the-fact misnomer. Gunnar Bratton, 38 and ruddy-bearded, has green eyes. He represents Mobil, one of the major producers of North Sea oil, but he does not believe or talk like a shikis. In fact, he has given doubts about Norway's newfound wealth. This year it is bringing four million people \$4 billion (U.S.) in royalties, taxes and fees. Over the next 25 or 30 years, at current prices, the total will reach at least \$200 billion. What will this do, asks Bratton, to his countrymen's rare and appealing quality of life?

In Norway the question has become of national importance since the tragedy

Rig in North Sea is questioning standard

last March when a North Sea housing rig, operated by Phillips Petroleum Co., collapsed and overturned. Most of the 121 men who perished were Norwegians from the town of Stavanger, once a quiet fishing village and now the nation's oil centre. Not only do Norwegians continue to mourn their dead, they are scrutinizing the concept of materialism itself.

Gunnar Bratton talks as a (individual) Norwegian, running somewhat afraid of his job as public affairs adviser to Mobil. However, as a Norwegian whose kinkids earned their money (livelihood as fishermen, he says) in the North Sea stuff—the treachery of the elements—and not the nature of oil work, that is hazardous. And the score of Canadians who work for Mobil, the biggest em-

ployer of these other northerners, agree. They point out that the Phillips structure failed, while the type of rig they work on, such as "Platform A," sits on the ocean floor on fixed legs of steel and reinforced concrete higher than the Eiffel Tower. There is in the Statfjord field, 128 nautical miles at sea, and "platform" is really a misnomer. About 300 feet in length, and the same in breadth, it resembles a compressed steel tower, combining the machinery and functions of drilling and oil production with living quarters for 500 men in a monastery building. Another platform, Statfjord II, is under construction at Stavanger, at a cost of \$1 billion, to be put in the same field—the largest yet discovered in the North Sea—by next year.

Norwegians do the drilling themselves—training requires only about five years and they've been in the oil business since the early 1970s. Engineering managers and production directors, however, need at least 15 to 20 years experience, and thus the Canadians have accumulated in Alberta and the Middle East. What makes the Canadian community—the colony, with wives and children, numbers about 300—so happy here in the serenity, directness, innocence almost, which still form so much of the Norwegian character.

Stavanger, a town of 50,000 located at the northernmost gateway of fjord country, has the picturesque quality of St. John's, Newfoundland—framed houses painted in earthy tones of brown and yellow as if by hand—with the climate of Vancouver. Skiing and hiking trails are within an hour's drive and there are stay-over cabins in the forests provided by the government on the honor system. Hikers simply sign in, make use of a sleeping bag if they don't have their own, climb into a bunk and, after tidying up in the morning, drop 15 kroner (\$2) as a fee on the wall before leaving.

People don't lock the doors of their homes and, since even two glasses of beer will earn an arrested driver a long jail term, parents aren't afraid to let their kids out on bikes. Delores Wilson of Calgary, whose husband, Norm, supervises mechanical and civil engineering work on Statfjord A, says that the first time she saw an elderly man, a stranger, pick up and hug and kiss her six-year-old daughter she did not shrink in horror thinking he might be a child molester. She knew it was part of Norwegian warmth toward all children. Shaver Costanzo of Vancouver, whose husband is responsible for the half-dozen supply helicopters which make 15 flights a day to and from Statfjord A, says, "My natural shock comes when I visit Canada."

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Q&A: John Lydon

'I really don't know what to say'

John Lydon, better known to the world as Johnny Rotten, was the most happily acclaimed musician and trend setter in the realm of British punk rock music from 1975 to '77. With his now-legendary band, the Sex Pistols, Lydon shattered the predictable routine of rock 'n' roll, changed the faddish and social attitudes of teenagers and shocked their elders with mean life. Anarchy in the U.K. and Britain Was a Gun. Now the 21-year-old cult hero has embarked on his first American tour with his two-year-old anti-rock, 'n' roll group, Public Enemy Ltd. (P.L.D.) to promote its album *Secret Britain*. Toronto free-press writer and photographer P.L. Noble interviews Lydon for *Maclean's* on New York.



Lydon with the Sex Pistols, and again 'I enjoy nothing about being alive'

Maclean's: Could you tell me about the creative aspects of your latest creative P.L.D.

Lydon: I can't be bothered to answer any questions. I'm tired of the past and onto the future's beginning to be negative. I really don't know what to say. I talk crap all of the time. I'm a liar, a hypocrite and a bastard. I shouldn't be tolerated. I'm really surprised at people's gullibility. In those, my fellow Canadians, I'm hang myself. I've done it at last.

Maclean's: Is P.L.D. a limited company? We are our own managers and we don't use any big-name producers to work on our

recordings. We're not limited to the confines of music. If some business ventures come our way, I'm sure there's no doubt that we'll be able to handle them. **Maclean's:** If you had an offer to do television commercials for something like Colgate toothpaste, would you do it? **Lydon:** Yes, I must certainly would. To do it for the money, why else? If a company of that nature is prepared to give me their money for humiliating their product, then they're most welcome. If I could sell toothpaste, then it would be the ultimate irony. You've got to understand that I don't work in any way whatsoever. I don't use toothpaste. I don't use anything that has to do with health. I can't bear it.

Maclean's: You have no intention of signing producers for your records. Isn't this a somewhat narrow-minded viewpoint? Outside opinions can never hurt, can they?

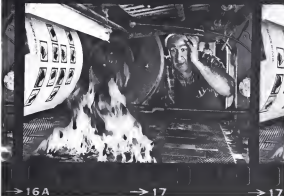
Lydon: Why should we pay 25 per cent of everything we earn to some dreary hippie who dictates how we should sound? It's our music. No one should tell us what we should sound like. I usually make producers. P.L. doesn't have a need for these kind of middlemen.

Maclean's: You surprise me when you come out with remarks like that. I'm sure you must not be around you or some horrible little man who gets out of control and red herrings as if there's no issue one, but suddenly you'll come up with a statement like that which is really quite on the ball.

Lydon: I think you must like me. How vile. I'm not having that.

Maclean's: P.L.D.'s first two albums, *First Issue* and *Second Edition*, attracted record reviews throughout the British press. These records seemed to confuse people.

Lydon: In England, before you get involved in anything, you've got to conform to a standard, boring procedure. People want to know, "Now how can I relate to this? What style of clothes can I adopt with this music? Will it be good for my soul to like it?" The only reason



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we're interested in being in a group is because at first it was an escape from the monotony of life. I just think people must be completely mad to want to see us on the first floor. The apartment of being taken seriously makes the whole situation seem so absurd.

McCartney: Do you enjoy the first act of writing *John*?

Lydon: No. I enjoy nothing about being alive.

McCartney: What are some of P.L.'s responsibilities? Do you get out to get a reaction from your audience or do you expect them to do the work for you?

Lydon: I enjoy myself first. If other people have fun by participating, then that's fine. I'm not out there to entertain—I'm out there to enjoy myself. I think interaction with the audience is extremely important. That's why I always write some of their songs. *John*, in song a song or two. As soon as it stops being fun I don't want to know about it. As far as my expectations are concerned, I don't have any. Appliance can be quite painful. When you think about it, it's ridiculous—slapping after every single number. It's so bloody forced. It's a procedure and I find all procedures rather boring. We really appreciate it when we get a response whether it's negative or positive. There's no interaction with us.

McCartney: Do you think your record companies (Warner Brothers) understand the ideas behind P.L.'s music or do they regard you as nothing more than just another average product which they have to promote?

Lydon: Whatever it is it's bound to be wrong. I guess they see us as a liability or an asset because they're a discount company and they can't dictate to a group that manages themselves and doesn't fit into the rock 'n' roll format. That's exactly what P.L. is—it's a limited company that can't pay. In a recent American music publication I said that I wanted P.L. to be a valid threat to rock music, but now I'm not so sure I agree with that. It strikes me as being a pretty minor now. As far as I'm concerned rock music is out there and it can go on and live as its own page. We're definitely not rock musicians' tastes. I don't even have the vaguest notion what's going to happen to us in five years time, and I really do not care.

McCartney: Surely you're not going to fall away from the music business?

Lydon: I don't think I'll make it to 40.

McCartney: Save you and John. Why do you say a thing like that?

Lydon: I don't want to.

McCartney: I was wondering if any self-declared musicians have tried to go out of their way to introduce the machine to you?

Lydon: That's funny you should ask that kind of question because every day—

week Linda McCartney keeps sending on her bloody photos and a diary. Ahhh, it's sooo boring. We've got heaps of her garbage. It's really embarrassing. And cars, in a cab outside of Harvard as I was driving by, pink and orange as I usually am, Paul McCartney came running over banging on the window. We had to hold the doors closed so he could get in. The cab driver said, "God, I've seen it all now!" I'm not interested in being introduced to the members of other bands. It's really quite dreary and that whole scene is so tasteless anyway. Jah Wobble (P.L.)

bassist) told me that Keith Richards called us at the hotel last night. People like him would be dead now as I don't like Keith Richards. The chosen—ring wonder never got just away for this drug bust in Toronto a few years ago. I dropped him for that. I don't know how he can live with himself because if I was him I'd be embarrassed.

McCartney: Would you like to have a No. 1 single on the charts?

Lydon: I really wouldn't care. It would be nice for my bank account. I'm certainly not going to sell myself short for it. Why should I? I'm nobody's puppet. ☐

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City Scene

Keeping the peace on the underground beat



I was a routine morning patrol on the subway for Judy Berley and Kathy Dyer—riding from stop to stop and then walking through the stations, eyes peeled for people breaking the rules. Suddenly a light broke out between two boys at the end of one platform, and the women dashed toward the trouble. They pulled the boys apart and flung badges in their faces. The surprise of seeing badges from unassuming women in their early 30s produced a momentary shock, as if to say "Who are you?" Where did you men from?" and the scuffle ended.

The women are part of a 15-member force of investigators employed by the Toronto Transit Commission security section. They are a low-profile, low-key group which works closely with the Metropolitan Toronto Police and patrols the 32 miles and 97 stations of the subway system from 5 a.m. when it opens until 2:15 when it shuts down. Working always in teams of two, the three women and 22 men are a profile

version of New York City's "Gated Angels," a vigilante group of martial-arts experts which patrols that city's crime-ridden subway system to prevent physical assaults. The New Yorkers are also called "The Red Berets" after their jaunty headgear.

"We used to be called Don's Angels but now we'd like to drop that because of the overtones from Cher's Angels," says Berley. "We look at it from the point of view that we're all investigators and there's no sex difference."

The superintendent of the TTC's security section, Joe Henney, is adamant that the New York and Toronto forces not be thought of in similar terms. "Those people in New York are untrained, unpaid and unauthorised," he says. "Our people all have some type of security background; before we hire them and we have an in-house training program which gives them a thorough understanding of the system so they really know how to operate down there."



INSIDE THE 320i:

The BMW 320i is regarded by many as the best small sedan in the world. A goodly part of the reason for its excellence lies in BMW engineers' obsession for refinement. With the 1989 320i, the engineers outdid themselves. An improvement digest by no means a complete list follows:

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Miscellaneous. Headlight adjuster changed to electrically operated one, quicker and safer to adjust. Four fresh air vents added to mid section of dash, air circulation improved. Distributorless flow meters control each valve's exact opening advance when engine is cold; speeds engine warm-up. New-style tie-rod ends, change 50,000 km. After wear, adjuster resistant to its emphasis from 55.

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The TTC last week, for the 10th year, won the distinction of being named the safest mass transit system—that, of course, thanks largely to its operators and mechanics—in North America. And while there have been three murders in the subway's 30-year history, most other incidents have been relatively minor. "People do careless and silly things," says Pete Leckyer, a supervisor for the service. "Like walking along the tracks from station to station. It's very dirty and slippery down there and you can easily fall. Or they ride on the back [of trains]. Once someone fell off and got hit by the next train coming."

There have, of course, been incidents of assault in Toronto, but the potential for violence is markedly less than in New York. Toronto's stations and trains are well-lit, clean and rarely without someone around—a ticket collector, a denter, a passenger. In New York, platforms and trains are dark, dingy, dirty and often deserted. Also, the New York system is independently owned and operated and no minimal communication safety features exist to help prevent crime. One other important difference: the area in which the Toronto system operates is under the jurisdiction of a single police force, the only city in North America where this is so.

The Toronto investigators carry note-



pads for on-the-spot recording of incidents for possible testimony in court. On Wednesdays in GM City Hall, the station has its own security with a "fang" structure for breaches of TTC bylaws.

While the bylaws are their main responsibility, the investigators also watch for graffiti, broken windows and smutty cars on cars. These are reported to central control points so that cleaning or repairs can begin quickly. The fare's members wear plain clothes in order to mingle unnoted in platform crowds. Their average age is 26. "Young people," says Henney, "simply relate better to other young people, and there are an awful lot of those on the subway these days."

New York's 'Guardians': common sense

Close contact between the patrols and policemen is helped by a system of telephones in the stations, marked by blue lights, as well as the yellow alarm strips in subway cars. These provide rapid access to policemen on the beat via a central control monitor. However, that link does not always make an investigator's job easy (is a system that moves more than 3.2 million people a day). "The worst thing is late Friday nights," says Barley. "That's when the bars close." And that's when Barley and the other inspectors have to use their best weapons to control large, rowdy groups—cool nerves and common sense.

Ruthless Workerle

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World

Maclean's

MEXICO'S NEW OIL MUSCLE

By David North

At Mexico's airport the packed Boeing 727 settles down, then brakes so hard the passengers are thrown forward against their safety belts. "The runway is too short," explains a nervous man from Petroleros Mexicanos (Pemex), the state-run oil conglomerate. "But at least this time we ate down safely." In the terminal—a concrete structure whose size, paint job and general tidiness make it seem more like a rather neglected rural railroad station—a corps of rowdy crows shows the pompousness of public-address announcements and the chatter of arriving passengers, their hosts, important businessmen and other hangers-on.

It seems an unlikely place from which to launch a social revolution. Yet Mexico is a country full of surprises. In the tropical trees in the yard outside, what looks like a group of rather macho-cute black muggers is singing a colorful and surprisingly tasteful chorus, and the air—at 7.30 in a morning heavy as a Turkish bath with humidity at 90 per cent—is laden with the sulphurous smell that is, in these energy-starved times, a prerogative of success.

Indeed, within a 30-mile radius of Mazatlán and the port of Coahuila (two towns whose total population is 250,000, double what it was 15 years ago), a brand-new oil terminal, a refinery, a giant fertilizer works and what will be the biggest petrochemical plant in Latin America are set to help fuel a



Petroleum and oil refinery issues: problems of a new few countries have never looked

change more dramatic, more sweeping than any in Mexico's turbulent history since the Spanish conquest.

And as Mexico's President, José López Portillo rounds off his current tour (France, West Germany, Sweden) in Ottawa this week, where he is the guest of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, he can already boast of a revolution of sorts in his country's relations with the United States.

In 1977, shortly after taking office, Portillo made the pilgrimage to Washington in search of a new relationship and some temporary help in dealing with the battered economy he had inherited from his predecessor. Instead of sympathy he was greeted by President Jimmy Carter with a dig about Macdonald's revenge, while an agreement between Pemex and American utility companies for the sale of natural gas was vetoed by the White House in an attempt to force the price down.

The resulting cold shoulder—as discomforting as any administered by that

master of the art, Charles de Gaulle—and the Americans' crying need for energy supplies soon changed all that. Mexico simply diverted the gas to its own industrial centers of Monterrey and hid its true time. When the agreement was finally signed last year, it was for a sixth of the quantity at a rate, \$3.62 per cubic foot, that represented an increase of 50 per cent. And when Canada recently raised the price of its gas sales to the U.S., the Americans actually approached Mexico to offer parity.

Beyond the scenes, the transformation has been even more impressive. In the past year the U.S. State Department has set up a whole new outfit to deal exclusively with Mexico, affairs and appointed a co-ordinator for relations with Mexico who carries the rank of ambassador-at-large and reports directly to the secretary of state. Thus, say the Mexicans with some pride, is an arrangement that does not exist, historically, with any other state with which the U.S. has relations. Not only that, last month, amid much self-congratulation, the Mexican state in 1981, the Mexican oil and gas department was a great deal more cautious, Carter and former secretary of state Cyrus Vance announced the appointment of a Mexican Ambassador, Julian Neri, as ambassador to Mexico City, San Juan. This post is one of the most important in our foreign service.

It was not always so. From the inception of the Mexican state in 1821, the Americans were accustomed to inter-

vance when it suited them—as they have throughout Latin America. Hardly had José L. Posada presented his credentials as the first U.S. ambassador that he was struggling for the sale of Mexico's northern provinces—California, New Mexico and Texas—to the United States. A mere 38 years later, at the end of a war that no less a personage than Abraham Lincoln described as unconstitutional (Ulysses S. Grant called it "the most unjust war ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation"), they got all three—plus Arizona, Colorado, Nevada and Utah.

From that time on, Mexican politics have been riddled with at least half as eye on the fact that the U.S. could impose its will on their outcome by bribing and/or arming one faction against another, or by direct intervention as at Vera Cruz in 1914. As late as 1960, one candidate for the presidency, Juan Andreu Almazán, was forced to step down because, as a strong nationalist, he was unacceptable to Washington. And to this day Mexican policy is dedicated to neutralizing any threat from the north as well as regulating its newfound oil wealth for the benefit of its underprivileged citizens.

Lopez Portillo, the man who is present president over this delicate open-

tion, is a 59-year-old lawyer and former finance minister, an amateur pianist and a fitness freak—he plays tennis and goes in for archery and horse jumping among other sports—who is given to chiding overweight and ungainly colleagues. But among the several bitter pills he has had to distribute in the course of righting the Mexican economy—an austerity program infusing firm control on wages—he has also introduced one welcome reform. In sharp contrast to his predecessor, Luis Echeverría Alvarez, Lopez Portillo believes in a regular work schedule. One of his first steps on taking over in December, 1976, was to do away with the usual hours meetings with advisers and insist that everyone get a weekend break. "I want people who are eager to go to work on Monday," he explained.

No one would deny that there is work to be done. Mexico today is a nation of at least 78 million people, a population that has doubled since 1950 and could double again by the year 2000, according to the latest (and worst) predictions. While the official figure gives Mexico

City 14 million inhabitants, a study by the Universidad Nacional last month, in advance of next July's census, put the total nearer 30 million—almost as many as in the whole of Canada.

In the shantytowns on the fringes of Mexico City, where as many as 1,000 campesinos (peasants) arrive each day in search of work, or strung out along the United States border, where thou-



sands more migrate in search of a job in the free-zone factories or simply to wait for a chance to slip into the States, conditions are appalling. Hunger is no better than what the legendary galling Quetzalcoatl (one of one of two movie written by Lopez Portillo) found on the Mexican plains before he taught the Toltecs to farm. Starvation is commonplace, running under a martyr and starvation past around the corner.

Mexico is desperately short of food and jobs. Agriculture is depressed, about half the working population is officially classed as underemployed, which means that if they work at all it is only at selling gavo or matches, or skiving along. Mexico is also desperately short of education outside the area of its greatest expertise—oil. Only one child in 100 goes to university, only half the 6,000 civil engineers needed graduate each year.

The greatest single problem is popu-



Portillo granted by Brazhnev in Moscow (above), at the Sorbonne in France (right), in Tokyo with wife, Carmen, (left), visiting West German Volkswagen agents (below), riotous and anti-russian magpies.



Ole to the Yankee bull

How has near of wealth changed Mexico's outlook on the world? Why do Canada among its countries with which it wants to establish a particularly close relationship? These and other questions were raised by Mexican Foreign Minister Carlos Portillo when he entertained President José Lopez Portillo at his residence, Los Pinos, in Mexico City recently.

Mexican: There is a new outpouring of interest in Mexico's foreign relations. How do you see these developing, that of all with—and Canada—nearest neighbor in the United States?

Portillo: Over several administrations our policy has been to diversify Mexico's relations in the belief that we were increasingly dependent on the United States, and that was not good for Mexico or for the United States. The idea is to achieve a proper balance.

Mexican: Do you feel that you are closer to achieving the understanding that was so lacking in your initial contacts with Washington?

Portillo: We have had three meetings with President Carter and substantial progress has been made (because we have been able to set up very few working systems which have made it possible for us to



Portillo practicing his javelin skills in his backyard. A "brave change in policy?"

deal frankly with our political and problems. For us a very important problem arose at the outset when the U.S. government refused to pay a previously agreed price for our gas. It was a brave change in policy which I believe we did not deserve and which I did not see at all whenever we have talked that problem.

Mexican: Does it worry you that Ronald Reagan who is a strong contender in the U.S. presidential elections has said he wants to establish a North American common energy market?

Portillo: It doesn't worry us at all because we have proposed a world program for energy sharing and conservation. The only thing that would make us change our nationalistic outlook toward oil would

be if the were to be implemented. I believe that the United States has come to understand that Mexico's policy on oil is based on Mexico's interest and not on its relation ship with the United States.

Mexican: You are coming to the end of a series of visits to European countries and to Canada. Could you say what primarily were the objectives of your visit?

Portillo: Like all visits of heads of states, mine have had two aspects. One of them is multilateral to explore exchanges of information on the very delicate situation that the world is going through. The other is our interest in bilateral matters. In each of these countries there is some aspect of mutual exchange which is of interest to us—but always with the idea of going beyond mere trade. Since we wish to trade with the rest of the world with traditional patterns we believe that with this cause-line we can make real progress toward closer, more, mature relationships. These are in consequence at present in both foreign and domestic policy matters and a similarly with respect to social development, in the present dimension of the world into spheres of influence allows us to have these expectations.

Mexican: You have consistently laid on a strong stand against outside interference in Latin America. Which source of intervention do you think presents the greater danger—the Soviet Union or the United States?

Portillo: When I speak of spheres of

influence, I was naturally referring to both—the First and Second Worlds and place us within a Third. On the one hand we could call it political hegemony, on the other economic hegemony, but have both sides relations does that interfere with the self-determination of our peoples.

Mexican: Would a higher Canadian profile in the region help regulate the interference?

Portillo: Canada possesses sufficient prestige and so its knowledge has never mistreated in the atomic sphere of other countries.

Mexican: You have commented about your love of office now. What do you are at your main achievements?

Portillo: From the beginning we determined two priorities and three stages for our activity. The two priorities were energy and food, and we have certainly completely solved the question of energy. As regards food, however, we have not achieved the goals that we established. The three stages—each one a five-year stage—were to restore our economy and during the first two years of the administration the economy was restored; to consolidate this as the period we are going through now and to accelerate growth. We have established a global program for development and was trying, as a matter of urgency, to solve the problem of food supplies. So while we have not been able to solve all social problems altogether, we do have solutions under way.

stands more migrate in search of a job in the free-zone factories or simply to wait for a chance to slip into the States, conditions are appalling. Hunger is no better than what the legendary galling Quetzalcoatl (one of one of two movie written by Lopez Portillo) found on the Mexican plains before he taught the Toltecs to farm. Starvation is commonplace, running under a martyr and starvation past around the corner.

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The greatest single problem is popu-

lation. Official claims to have reduced the rate from 3.5 per cent to around 2.9 per cent are widely treated with some caution and, in any case, with half the population under 20, the crisis will take the best part of 30 years to work its way through.

Conceded in his meagre comforts, an observer from the north can only under the full extent of the misery in the occasional respite of a place from an otherwise friendly and cheerful people, from the frequent but violent public demonstrations over land or living conditions (the last major outbreak was in 1976) and from the squallor which seems to be forever lying in wait around the next corner. But even then it is possible to be misled. Construction workers' strikes in a shanty town outside Coahuila boast electricity, piped water and, depending on the shade of the carpenter, fences and TVs, though they lack sanitation.

Moreover, life is clearly on the way. Sweating petroleum in the fields of Tabasco, Campeche and elsewhere pushed output up to a record 2.15 million barrels one day last month. Export revenue from oil and natural gas last year totalled \$2.5 billion and is esti-

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mate

*Set up by U.S. companies under professional staff arrangements, their operations make inquiries from a dense network in a controlled village serving inquiries in American-made dollars for its export in the large. It is a government agency in Mexico City. Goods under Mexico duty free and are in support in the U.S. per year. For government value added tax.

meted to reach \$9 billion this year as production, more than two years ahead of schedule, rises to 8.4 million barrels a day by Lopez Portillo to avoid overhauling the economy. The boom is gaining well beyond completion from the country's new giant facilities, like the Cienega Grande petrochemical complex, capable of earning several times its \$800-million cost outlay each year, past into operation in early 1988.

In direct and startling contrast to the Mexican stereotype—madness, marijuana and men in mustaches drinking the day away under their straw hats—there is a professionalism, an almost fanatical sense of dedication, about some of the men who run these enterprises. They, like 44-year-old José Luis Perillita, who will join the Cienega complex, and its 30 highly trained technicians, come from humble families and have a debt to pay to the community, says Zenteno. "I should

never have got so far by myself. I'm grateful for the chance my education has given me." "It's a challenge. We have to prove that the Mexican people have the capacity to accomplish all this," says Pajarito manager Alfonso Robles Aranda, whose men work round-the-clock shifts and who, himself, is in his professional, air-conditioned office seven days a week.

Back in Mexico City or Monterrey, unless you live on the edge of a natural gas line it's still hard to see where "all this" is leading. But then two or three years ago the professional slickies were wondering if Mexico could bring home its oil. Today, with proven reserves of 58 billion barrels and almost daily announcements of new discoveries which bring the country closer to its "possible" reserves of 200 billion barrels (an oil take bigger even than Saudi Arabia's), there's no question of that, and Lopez Portillo recently announced a global three-year plan which will direct billions of dollars in oil revenues into the neglected fields of food

production and the creation of jobs.

That, in turn, opens a huge opportunity for foreign business, and already Mexicans are getting plenty of help in spending their money. At breakfast in any of the busy hotels in downtown Mexico City you can hear half a dozen foreign languages. Round-the-clock German buses bow away the lunch hours in the bars. Japanese businessmen slip quietly from their taxis to their busy Telsa and cable links with home. Canada, Sweden and France are in the running for a fat nuclear reactor contract. The business pages are thick with reports of visiting trade delegations—one day's issue of the English-language *The New York Times* has fewer than four, from France, Britain, Japan and Cuba, whose presence equates to a number of times as many people matters when he says that "Mexico is a country of enormous importance."

The key question, however, is not what Mexico can do for Cuba, or anyone else abroad for that matter. It is how it can do for the perched Mexican grass roots, whose threat the \$1.4 billion loan-interest for one has hardly begun to



Stainless (right) with Pineda Cerin in Cuba. Infrin and oil come to the surface

crashed in federal in 1971. It steadily has the highest priority. One lone person is currently charged with dealing with Central America. Dominican Republic Haiti and Mexico. And if Canada now has membership in no lower than eight Pan-American organizations such as the Inter-American Development Bank (good for trade), it has been a great deal more reluctant to get involved politically.

Despite the growing nervousness the Trudeau's 1976 visit to Mexico, Venezuela and Cuba when his "Des Vistas" seemed him a bad press back home, Canada's stance has been described as that of an eternal onlooker—the official disclaimer is "permanent observer status"—in this hot of international political bodies: the Andean Community and the Organization of American States (OAS).

The paradoxical official explanation for this classic exercise in diplomatic restraint is that full membership (of the sort

is not to be seen as a precondition for effective participation in the inter-American system. The real rubric, however, is that Canada is scared of appearing at once too pro-Latin to the United States and too pro-United States to the Latin.

Given such a backdrop, some right say correct approach. It is clearly wrong that Canada's relations with Mexico (indeed apart and even that all around the \$250-million mark leaves vast scope for improvement) have not recently been noted as the top going wrong. Trudeau's 1978 stop in Mexico City was noted in Ottawa as the least successful of the three on that swing, partly, so a contemporary account ran, because the Mexicans rubbed at what was considered too great a length to Trudeau's insistence for enlargement and partly because Canadian officials, none of all things, looking by the violence of anti-American feeling among their hosts.

The time round, things should go better. While Trudeau's trip, says President José López Portillo, only began before—the 90 minutes in 1976—the Mexicans are open about their wish to create a special relationship with Canada, while External Affairs Minister Mark McGeeney, stimulated by his April visit to Mexico, is on record that Canada wants to consolidate on these Latin American. American—about the shape of Venezuela. Nor should there be too much difficulty about Mexico's wish that Canada should lift up its offer of technology in exchange for oil. Of truth will come to the surface, and the truth in this regard is a fact of reversing the balance of trade. The price has nearly doubled since the agreement was first initiated.

D.N.

side. The air is thick with plans—some aimed at drawing people out of overpopulated Mexico City, others into new industrial regions—and fast, as the frenzy of construction is intended to free arteries clogged with the capital's two million automobiles creates (temporarily one hopes) even longer jams.

The country has set aside \$2 billion for internal improvements—the main network was built from north to south, to the Mexican sea, to carry their own to the United States, not east to west, which is what the emerging pattern of trade dictates. Some 100,000 jobs are to be created over the next three years, not



quite keeping up with the growth in the labor force. Industry is daily exhorted to produce more, train better, share more generously. But not too generously, inflation rose at 30 per cent in July to rise now to 35 per cent.

Yet some doubts remain. It's not that the efficiency or the integrity of the Perilla administration is much in question. The country is widely considered to be at the peak of one of the most able presidential terms in the 50 years of the Mexican revolution—and there are fewer tales of corruption than there used to be, though it would be surprising, with so much money around, if some of it didn't get into the wrong hands. It isn't, either, the presence in the Eastern Rivera Madre of Mateo Zetana, 40-year-old son of the Zapata, who in stirring up demands for land reform among the impoverished peasant farmers.

It's simply that the sheer scale of the problem—enormous population growth and enormous wealth—see that few countries have ever had to tackle and even fewer have solved. Why then, no wonder whether Mexico's present political institutions—which at present bail down to one-party government by the quietly named Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) in Spanish—will



The city of Hermosillo (right) (above) and the refinery port at Minidul (left) help the work force selling gum or matches



Buried treasure



reverse the black tidal wave which is beginning to flow in from the Gulf of Mexico and ports south.

Paradoxically for a party that is fundamentally anti-clerical, the PRI, which has presided over Mexico affairs since 1928, could well ally, with the early Jesus. "Entrepreneurs to go on some or later" like some moderately well-entrenched *Trinidad Pineda* type. It's not, either, the president's role, who is "elected" to the presidential residence, Los Pinos. So the question is whether, when Lopez Perilla comes out he has moved enough to go back to his usual and become a serious painter in oils in 1985, his suc-

ceeds the trade union, business and political elite into a system in which the PRI alone disposes patronage and can get things done. Is there a political party that, when it is a candidate for the presidency to the electorate every six years (congressional elections are held every three), it is, in practice, an oligarchy which delegates near dictatorial power to the men, usually the nominees of his godfathers, who is "elected" to the presidential residence, Los Pinos. So the question is whether, when Lopez Perilla comes out he has moved enough to go back to his usual and become a serious painter in oils in 1985, his suc-

As the sole repository of power it

It takes two to tango

"The Spanish proverb is right and 'Infrin and oil come to the surface.' The participants in this week's Canadian-Mexican exchange may be forgiven for adding the note that they perhaps like their time in doing so. Within the Canadian side, amidst the Mexican demands for expansion of agreements initiated well before Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's defeat last year (which may eventually provide Eastern Canada with 100,000 barrels of oil a day), the Mexicans, for their part, may wish to be reminded when Trudeau will get around to one of his 1980 campaign promises to formulate a distinctive policy toward Latin America.

It is now 10 years since the resulting foreign policy theme suggested that Canada should abandon the good old oilfield model in the policies of Mackenzie King, St. Laurent and Diefenbaker and place more emphasis on its role in the Western Hemisphere and therefore on its relations with Latin America and the Caribbean. The new line was based merely on perceptions of trade advantages, but the idea also formed in Canadian aspirations for increased independence from the United States—the much-maligned Third Option.

Close relations with Latin American states "infrin and oil come to the surface" offers boosted of the day, would enhance Canadian sovereignty. But although a bureau of Western Hemisphere affairs was

sensor will be able to provide the continuity so necessary to Mexico's further progress.

There are also substantial reservations about the PFI's ability to adapt to changing times. It is fashionable in PFI circles these days to talk about democratic reforms and, by last July, several parties had agreed to hold elections to be legally signed in time to take part in the midterms elections. "We can no longer keep our party nonaligned as many would like," says Luis M. Farías, PFI majority leader in Congress. Yet while he concedes the PFI may lose a few seats, he insists the party will continue to sit by and watch a real erosion of its power to convert or ignore—or failing that to buy or bend political opponents. The PFI has always been a self-perpetuating power structure, he contends, and it hopes to remain so. "I don't see the opposition doing it what the PFI is really trying to do by its corruption in

"pluralism," the current buzz word, is to keep its own members on their toes.

The obvious consequence, therefore, is that Mexico is stuck with the OHS and it can rise to the challenge, will and if not, there will be trouble—and in Mexico, no more than ever a country of superlatives, any trouble is likely to be big.

For the next three years, however, the field is Lopez Portillo's, and in Canada this means Perforin's, and on his tour, he will seek the industrial growth and know-how needed to give his hungry millions the food, homes and work—to say nothing of the consumer goodies—to which their newfound wealth entitles them.

From Canada, however, Mexico also hopes for something less tangible: a feeling of kinship which will go some way to allay its deep-seated dread of domination by the "colossus of the North." Like Canadians, Mexicans have

a culture that they do not want to see overwhelmed. Like Canadians, about three-quarters of their industry is U.S.-owned. Like Canadians they have their nightmares just as four years ago someone dreamed up an American contingency plan to put tanks into Quebec in the event of secession, so an editorialist in the newspaper *El Noroeste* was speculating recently that, in the event of a Mad East cutoff, the U.S. might use its grain weapon to force Mexico to permit more oil than it wishes to do.

This yearning to feed a kindred spirit north of the 49th parallel is nothing new for the Mexicans. They've wanted it before—and been ignored! But this time round they have the oil—and in one respect at least they're different from Canada. It is the Mexican people collectively—not the oil companies, not even one of the individual provinces that comprise the United States of Mexico—who own it. ☐

South Korea

To the brink and back

For a while South Korea seemed poised on the brink of anarchy. The streets of its capital, Seoul, had been transformed into a battlefield as hundreds of thousands of students, demanding democratic reforms, clashed with police. Just as the violence appeared to be subsiding, the government followed up by closing universities, banning political activities and arresting opposition leader Kim Young Sam—and last week it exploded again.

The all of this time was Kwangju, a provincial capital 150 miles southwest of Seoul, where more than 200,000 citizens, clutching everything from kitchen knives to sharpened bamboo spears, rampaged through the streets, burning cars and setting fires. Their demands: the resignation of Prime Minister Shin Hyun-ae and General Chun Doo-hwan, head of the military; a relaxation of martial law; and the establishment of democratic rule.

The demands were nothing new to the government of Acting President Choi Kyu-hah. They had been made by student groups and members of the opposition New Democratic Party with increasing insistence ever since December, when Choi had replaced the ailing, ailing Park Chung-hee. At that time Choi made vague promises of reform. But in the following months, the military continued to dominate the scene, although elections were announced for 1981. So the students turned to drastic means to get their way.

In an unexpected twist, one of their

Protesters in Kwanao chain with anyone to

demands were met last week when Kile and his cabinet resigned, citing the impossibility for the violence that the president's recourse to General Chua's stepping out served to incite more chaos in Kwangsi. After ransacking other cities, the army then moved on. Demonstrators marched on the provincial government building and were repelled only by the bullets and bayonets of crack paratroopers. After the melee 50 soldiers lay dead and another 38 were wounded. There in the city, protesters commandeered a tank and used it to smash their way through army barricades, leaving dying soldiers in their exhaust fumes. An assault spread to 20 neighboring towns and the Kwangsi protesters rushed arms depots for sophisticated weapons. The army withdrew to control the city.

In the ensuing stalemate the atmosphere relaxed considerably. And while Prime Minister Park Chung-hee, who replaced Skim, engaged in unproductive peace talks with the protestors, the army beefed up its strength with tanks, rockets and 9,000 troops. Then, on the weekend, it marched back into the city with little resistance.

And despite U.S. pressure on the South Korean authorities to meet the students' demands—Secretary of State Edward Rusk expressed deep concern at the country's movement away from an "essential" liberalization policy—there seemed little hope they would fuse. Amongst the week's events, General Chun remarked solemnly that South Korea should have a government appropriate to its needs—regardless of the views of Western democracies.



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Abandoned by her Brooklyn lover, stalked out of her first marriage and faced with the death of her closest relative while celebrating an impoverished 30th birthday, Cheryl Coomes nevertheless developed a knack for turning the accumulated negatives of her life into positives—she created *Turning Point*. Written as an Albert Day Kowalski indie reserve, the women show is pegged by, among others, a speed-out flower child caught in a Vancouver time warp, a mad academic intent on creating a Royal Flush by blowing up Queen Elizabeth's leg at the Edmonton Games, a misanthropic rural Quebec man who has a habit of removing her habit to the music from a radio hidden in her navel, and Celine as her own valiant self. A National Arts Centre performance left media luminary **Public Works** with a sense of "reassurance and tranquility" about his own death and, in fact, he was so impressed that he is writing a screenplay based on the show.



CHERYL COOMES

Amy Bryant Ministries is a force for spreading the word about preserving the traditional American family, says its founder, but the word last week was that Miss Bryant was filing for divorce from no-doubt husband **Sam Greco**, also her manager. The 1959 Miss America runner-up says she was so conservative when she married Greco at the age of 39 that she was shocked when he first held her hand in public. The lady the gay community loves to hate sees the marriage as "irrevocably broken," but so reasons are cited in the divorce petition—which does state that she is "without sufficient funds" to support their four children. As practical Anita wants Greco to pay child support and hand over their 20-room Miami Beach mansion. Apparently money doesn't grow on orange trees the way it used to.



ANITA BRYANT

Most Western journalists have been making out the Afghanistan war in Pakistan, but **Arthur Kent**, 36, whose big brother **Pat**, 34, has seen close-ups of some of the hot spots, couldn't see himself sitting 'til it out in Calgary. So last winter he headed for the Kanan Valley to make a documentary on the war. A former CBC correspondent for *The National*, Kent was smuggled into Afghanistan by guerrillas and travelled with them for five weeks—discovering that the war isn't what they're reported to be. "There's no evidence of chemical warfare, no scorched-earth policy," says Kent. "The Russians are fighting a very conventional war." Despite the "pavement villages" of the Valley, Kent

thinks the Soviets are stalemated, unable to push north into terrain that could make a mountain pass busy. "The guerrillas own the mountains," says Kent, appreciatively back in Calgary. "I felt much safer on their side than I would have had I gone in with the Russians."

A five-year plan of playing the rebellious daughter on **Made**, **Adrienne Barbeau**, 34, will join the Bonnes and Clyde set and play "basically a gun moll" in film-maker husband **John Cauley**'s next project, a futuristic action

film called *Escape From New York*. **Clay** The couple have just finished their own production company, bringing together her success in skin-art posters and his flair for making successful wide-screen blockbusters (*Wallpaper*, *The Fog*). Although in real life she labors for women's rights and abortion, Barbeau has no plans to make message movies. "I'm not interested in putting my views up on screen," she says. "I'm more interested in a commercial product." Carpenter agrees and says one of his favorite flicks was *At Close Range* from *Outer Space* in 1930. He cheerfully admits his own movies are "devoted to negligence."

44 Don't consider film an art, says **Gary Brest**, at 76 a survivor of 72 films in a profession he considers medicine. "The only true art I know of is painting," Brest cheerfully adds in that money was one of the main primers for the performances that charm millions. "Can you think of any people who are better businessmen than actors?" asks

Cushman (left), Grant and Herli (below) rich, radishy actors and a strip-teasing, neurologist's sister



the pragmatic Grant, whose main focus in life these days is 14-year-old daughter **Jewetta**. Moved four times, Grant is out about the chances of his being the next agent, although 28-year-old bro-on-love **Burton Harris** is a constant companion. "Will I marry again? Who knows? I haven't got a crystal ball," says Grant. "I haven't been very good at it in the past—you may have success."

45 Want to convince people through the written word rather than harassing them, says **Art Marge**, poet, ex-park warden and author of *More*, for



Ladd (left), Marty (below left), and Heiden (right) model a 40-year-old couple of a fairly new, valentine-hydrocarbon and the song of Norway

Marty "It's about being a family man." **Marty** will teach a course this summer in "mountain writing," and master: "I can just see us all with our greenhouses wrapped to our backs."

A decade ago she was entertaining thoughts of entering her celebrated straight-laced life. But Canada's top diva, **Maryanne Perle**, says her career just "went onward and upward," and she is still going strong as her 50th birthday approaches. She recently completed a stint with Les Grand Ballets Canadiens, which was filmed by the CBC for broadcast next season. Her management she is negotiating with special relief in playing **Marty** Mary in *South Pacific* for the Edmonton Opera company this September. The woman who said "all that dignified stuff in a pulchre, really" is eager to tell our dancers such as **Maryanne Todd** and **Ruby** (he is her first man) and, and in a way she is moving back to her roots. "Don't forget I started out singing popular music," she says.

47 Thank God I haven't lost my sense of humor," says brainy blonde **Charlie's Angel Cheryl Ladd**. "It's the only thing that got me through," she adds, referring to the recent trauma of separation from her seven-year-old husband, **Dave Ladd**. Her somewhat words seem to be holding steady, however, and the new focus of attention in her life is early-haired, six-foot, three-inch songwriter **Alan Baynes**. The Santa-Baron on-line principal of a Toronto high school moved to Los Angeles seven years ago. Although they study many matters of impending nuptials, and Ladd is also going through a divorce, they flew into Toronto last week for a quick visit with **Ramona's** parents after a recent divorce while in Hawaii. It seems unlikely that Ladd will give up the joy of being 72's hottest blonde for the joy of blackly-ridden Ontario, but there are rumors that Russell and Ladd will buy an estate in Malibu—Charlie Partridge's Angel?

He is still hydrocarbon-pumping those 20-inch thighs around in stripes, but **Ruby** is off the ice and into the velodrome—and the five Olympic gold-medals. Brest has been riding in the wheels. Although he tried out for the Olympic cycling team this spring, the modest Heiden ("My media! Oh, I guess they've missed the house somewhere") still has to be asked to predict that he will be a serious contender for the '94 Olympics. "That's a long way off." And Heiden does have some alternate priorities—such as returning to Oda for the dual attractions of lovely Norwegian girl-friend **Greta** and a course in sports medicine. Before leaving back, he was scheduled to participate in the Levensberg Grand Prix cycling series beginning this week in New Jersey which took some contention. Brest's long-distance cycling aspirations don't win him "Oh, I just hope I don't crash," he says anxiously.

Five years ago she was entertaining thoughts of entering her celebrated kindergarten and the move was a wise one, writing two good albums and a playmate—as well as psychic rewards. "Kids give of themselves in secret and afterwards come and show you their affection," says the toddler's "brother." "I haven't missed adults. There are very few covered two-year-olds." **Ruby**, 34, is childhood and kept at home with her through kindergarten teacher wife **Dan** Pina. This fall **Ruby** plunges back into the grown-up world with an album being regrow cats and backup by **Steve Gaskin** and **Brooklyn** Trade drummer **Wally** Baynes. But he will miss doing his mathematics, nonviolent songs for soccer, non-smoking crowd. "It's a healthy," he says with a sigh. **Edited by Maryanne Perle**

Parched earth in a Prairies spring

By Dale Esler

Across the Prairies it is a common dilemma, growing more critical every day that passes without rain. For the parched earth of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. While urbanites greeted the May holiday weekend by simply turning off lawn sprinklers and piling into their cars to escape the oppressive heat at the nearest park, the farm population stayed put. For farmers there is no running away from the grim facts of a

spring that is threatening to choke the wheat belt of its productivity.

The last crop failure caused by drought struck the Prairies in 1961, but if rain fell from the sky doesn't come soon, it could easily happen again. This year, spring arrived early after a winter of light snowfall, allowing farmers a chance to get on the land and begin seeding operations weeks before the usual mid-May target. But with the

early spring came cloudless skies and abnormally high temperatures which lent work completely soaked into the upper soil. With the majority of the spring crop planted, it soon turned into a nervous waiting game as farmers anxiously kept an eye trained on the sky, looking for evidence that help was on the way. Most officials pointed late last week that there was still no need to panic, that the crops could survive without further moisture until early June, but it became increasingly obvious that some were growing edgy.

Leo Hensel, 46, has been farming since 1923 near Dumas, Sask., and he can't remember a spring that has been so dry and hot, including 1961 when he lost his crop to drought and a shortage of grasshoppers. Hensel and his son, Ken, 25, farm 1,500 acres, seeding half and using the other to grow 110 head of cattle. The mixed farm has not lessened the impact of the drought—in fact, it has made it even more acute. The dry conditions first hit pastures and hay crops, which have wilted to the unrecognizing sun. Hensel believes his hay crop, Hensel and others like him face the

Wheat farms in Saskatchewan, drought seed not so dry since 1933.



prospect of buying commercial feed for their cattle, which he estimates would cost \$2400 a month.

"The guarantee haven't come around at all, and I'll tell you the man is going to have to come quick if we are going to save the hay crop. It's starting to go backwards already," moans Hensel. The 600 acres he seeded, 100 fewer than normal because of the drought, had enough rainfall moisture for germination but little else, and without substantial rain he might not have a crop worth harvesting come fall. "We're behind the eight ball already, and it makes you wonder if you'll make it when you look out the window every morning and never see a cloud."

In Alberta the situation for the cattle industry is becoming grave. Temperatures across the province have averaged

between 4°C and 7°C above normal since April 1 and, except for some pockets in the south, rainfall over the same period had varied from nine to 28 per cent of normal. Ross Gosh, a livestock supervisor with the Alberta department of agriculture, says that even if there were immediate and general rainfall, Alberta ranchers can expect nothing better than a poor hay crop. The heat and drought have also weakened pasture production, which means feedstock could be severely down by fall.

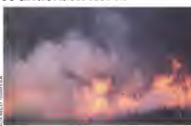
Already the conditions are having an impact on the feeder-cattle market, which last week was selling at a low 60 cents a pound in Edmonton. Producers are selling their stock because they haven't enough good pastureland, even though a calf they bought last fall for \$250 is selling now for only \$200—not nearly enough even to cover the cost of feed over the winter. Last year the cattle market in Alberta totalled more than \$60 million in slaughter sales, but when the drought strikes there is little chance the \$2,000 Alberta cattle producers will be able to expect the same return.

The problem has been one of extremes for Lucien Benadette, who farms 2,600 acres in the Red River Valley near St. James, Manitoba. Most of his spring he was building a new hay house from rampant floodwaters, this year his years for rain. In 40 years of farming, Benadette, 59, says he has never been through such a dry spring and, although there was enough moisture in the heavy clay soil of the area for germination, rain is now essential. Says Benadette, "Everyone knows the situation. It's dry, but it's not too late if we can get a good rain within the next two weeks."

Paul Lucan of the Atmospheric Environment Service in Winnipeg has been charting the weather patterns across the Prairies all spring and can't offer any rain guarantees. The drought is being caused by a high-pressure system entrenched along the west coast, which is not allowing the flow of moist Pacific air inland. But, Lucan explains, there is a glimmer of hope. Late last week the system, similar to one that caused concern during a lengthy dry period in the spring of 1977, showed signs of weakening.

There was some good news by Friday, though, for the troubled farm population in Saskatchewan, when the provincial government announced a 10-point drought-subsistence program with the cost shared between the province and Ottawa. The package was aimed at alleviating the feed shortage for the cattle industry while offering aid for farmers to develop wells. But the real solution would be widespread rain, which new would mean better than warm, from houses for western farmers. ☐

A tinderbox north



Worse Hatfield, a 29-year-old single father, hurried off the back of a Hercules military aircraft in Winnipeg Friday morning.

clutching his six-year-old daughter, Michael, with one hand and a photo album of his baby pictures in the other. Most people carried their few possessions in green garbage bags. The picture album was the sole possession Hatfield took with him as 5,000 people fed their homes in the Red Lake district of northwestern Ontario in the wake of raging fires there.

The fire situation in Canada was being described as the worst in half a century. New fires were breaking out at such a rapid rate by week's end that government officials were unable to maintain an accurate count. The latest figures available showed 600 fires covering three million acres between Quebec and British Columbia. The fires

Rage in Northern Ontario: 5,000 people fled their homes in the Red Lake district.

ranged in size from a few acres to one of 476,000 acres 108 miles north of Port McHarris. The worst was yet to come. Most parts of Northern Canada have been without rain since April 1. The crowd scenes at Winnipeg International Airport were incredible.

Ontario government officials decided Thursday to call for help from the military in evacuating the Red Lake district. Hercules aircraft were sent from three air command squadrons in Toronto, Ont., Edmonton and Winnipeg, and they began the airlift of women and children at 11:30 a.m. Friday from a simple ramping at the outskirts of Red Lake. About 120 people were aboard.

Evacuees from the flood-ravaged Port Hope: about 600 of 700 residents were flown out.



each flight. Bush already set down in Winnipeg after the 30-minute jaunt, left the engine running while the back ramp was dropped for minutes to hurry off and was airborne again in less than 30 minutes, on the way back for another load. By late afternoon 1,400 people had been airlifted. All that remained behind were civil servants, firefighters and an already to get them out in a hurry if they suddenly decided they were unable to protect the town. Most residents were able to find friends and relatives to stay with and others were taken to centres in Guelph, Brandon and Rivers, Man. The



Escapee no hope from the weathermen.

800 people strifed from the Indian community of Fort Hope had earlier been taken to Gendron.

In Manitoba, Premier Sterling Lyon flew over a vast area of the North and, in particular, Snow Lake, a community of 2,000 residents 45 miles north of Winnipeg where most people had been taken out. In Manitoba 15 of 83 fires were burning out of control. A total of 252 fires burning in Manitoba and Saskatchewan alone had, by late Friday, consumed two million acres. Two of the largest fires burning out of control were in Alberta's Peace River district, and a total of 146 fires were reported burning in British Columbia. And in Quebec there was a 16,000-acre blaze burning out of control near the huge James Bay power project.

The only hope over the weekend lay in bulldozers, fire bombers, more than a thousand ground firefighters and prayers. The weathermen offered no hope of rain over the next five days.

Gerard McAville

Renewal on the hoof

By John Hay

A happy, bearded Jean Chrétien returned from the referendum campaign last week, repacked his bags and consumed to jackrabbit across the country to meet so many problems as he would in three days. The Trudeau cabinet had opened the second door in its referendum strategy, the burden of the country's constitutional future suddenly shifted to English Canada. "We Canadians are now agreed on a common destination," Prime Minister Trudeau jubilantly told the Commons after the "no" victory. It remained to chart the new course. And Chrétien (reflex) jumpy with exhaustion after weeks in the campaign would "missed in au-



CHRÉTIEN

the Quebec contest, Chrétien was crossing the country dodging how far the French majority would carry reform this summer. There were markedly different signs from province to province.

In Toronto, Chrétien's first stop, senator Terry Pronger William Davis declared Ontario's support for an early first ministerial meeting. Davis, in fact, has moved close to Trudeau's own views on rejecting the constitution. Less amenable to Ottawa are Manitoba's Sterling Lyon and Newfoundland's Brian Peckford. Lyon opposes entrenchment of language rights in the constitution, where they would be immune from legislative tampering. Peckford insists on it, to protect francophones outside Quebec. And Peckford, eyes on off-shore oil, holds that the federal government "has only that life and that authority delegated to it by the 10 provinces."

Trudeau, by contrast, insists on "a federal Parliament with real powers applying to the country as a whole." He's concerned of rights and a strong central authority have been Trudeau's two most negotiable terms, at least since 1977. While Lyon was muttering against "opponent responses" by "the nine

Davis (left), Derek Johnson, Alberta's provincial minister of federal and inter-governmental affairs (left), Chrétien, the future presidency shifted to English Canada.



English provinces," Alberta's Premier Peter Lougheed threw doubt on the prospects of any constitutional talks before his gets an energy deal with Ottawa, though he voiced readiness for a meeting.

It was Trudeau himself, three years ago, who pleaded with his fellow Quebecers to wind up the tenuous constitutional union instantly. "It's not, for God's sake, get soon to the real problem." Now that Quebec has made its choice, and the British North American Act is open for change, the premiers are doing just that. However ardent the le-

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Pickard: only has eyes for off shore oil

able as it should be to manage the national economy, to help encourage regional development and to consider national policies. In the rush to exploit the "new" zone to provincial advantage, a curtain was suddenly by constitutional guru Edward McWhinney of Simon Fraser University. "It was a very serious risk. It is an assault of goodwill toward Quebec, the premier jumped on the bandwagon and tried to run through their own program that have nothing to do with Quebec." Quebec's special case cannot be ignored in a constitutional grid-iron.

It is clear, however, that only an agenda that appeals to all the provinces' interests will draw the premiers to yet another meeting in Ottawa's cavernous old Union Station. It is just such a short list of items ripe for agreement that

Chrétien is seeking, and some heavy horse trading may be possible. The last first minister's meeting, in February, 1979, offered grounds for hope: there was agreement on saving materials and forests (as to the provinces' (though that may be unworkable), an abstruse the Supreme Court in the constitution, and giving the provinces more power over cable television. But coming was the last time to have in being the idea. And hence and how to amend federal and provincial powers over it's here. Read Premier Blais: "Comprehensive changes in the constitution are required, and not more tinkering with the current mix. Act."

René puts his albatross on hold

It was as though René Lévesque sought inspiration in the arrogant challenge of Louis XV's soldiers facing the English army at Fontenoy. "Shoot first, remember my orders," he said, ordering the Quebec for the first time since the last against the English, the Quebec premier temporarily jettisoned the albatross of his sovereignty-association policy and defied Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and the premiers of English Canada to deliver in their province of a rapidly renewed federalism. Like those French troops of 1760, Lévesque is assuming that his opponents can't shoot straight and will fail to satisfy Quebec's aspirations to greater pride and autonomy.

Eventually, he said, sovereignty-association will be accepted as the best solution to Canada's own French-English war but, as the acceptance, he would let Trudeau proceed with constitutional reform. "It is up to those who suddenly promote renewal of federalism, and, above all, Mr. Trudeau himself, to begin immediately and frankly to add some content to their program." Having possible writing within his own Parti Québécois, the premier pledged to negotiate "in good faith" but to give ground as Quebec QBC already had.

He swore by his government's record of keeping its promises that sovereignty-association would be accepted. "We are not naïves—we don't have a mandate to push our solutions, we won't push it." Facing Trudeau's refusal to make substantial constitutional concessions in 12 years of government, Lévesque was confident that the federal leader's referendum-era reputation would lead to more "When Trudeau's head was on the block, we got something that looked like invitation to join."

At his press conference Wednesday, Lévesque rejected Trudeau's assertion that it is now up to Ottawa to act. Since the

referendum had been ordered by the Parti Québécois, he argued, "the ball is in the camp of Monsieur René Lévesque." And Ryan made crystal-clear his belief that Lévesque must call an election soon. Ryan calls an election "partial" the process of difficulties that started with the referendum." Lévesque, he argued, "has no special interest in seeing it [constitutional reform] succeed." As for outside help, Ryan said a late speech by Ontario's Bob Davis had little or no impact.

Ryan's bid at Davis signaled the end of any cooing among federalist bedfellows whose common foe, Lévesque, has lost his big gun on the battlefield and must now resort to media-warfare fire and hopes that the money will defeat itself. Lévesque's government had considered a frontal nuclear-attack the wisdom of calling a snap June election was seriously debated during a cabinet meeting Tuesday. Some ministers believed the PQ could maintain power by setting aside sovereignty-association



Lévesque: enemies can't shoot straight

and pitting Lévesque's personal popularity against Ryan's. The premier concluded that a snap election "would look like a ploy."

Lévesque's decision to hang on to power through at least the first valleys of constitutional debate frustrates Ryan's scenario of waiting for Quebec to elect a new Liberal government before the drinking begins. The premier could wait another year before facing the voters—enough time to let federalists shoot themselves in the foot. And just to make sure that every self-inflicted wound is exposed to infection, Lévesque says he might attend standstill elections, "but just" to be sure to know exactly what happened."

The French by the way, was the Rite of Pontefice.

David Thomas/Jan Anderson

Manitoba

An 'insult' can be an 'assault'

When Jane Westbury, the lone Liberal M.L.A. in the Manitoba legislature, was unexpectedly asked to try her rusty French before her political peers last month, she admitted she wasn't exactly silver-tongued. The next day her attitude shifted from the self-consciousness to the outrage when she read the Hansard text of her speech and found that it read more like double Dutch than French. She came out talking of the Quebec Yvettes being "assaulted" instead of "insulted," and an improperly programmed computer had efficiently swapped every letter "e" with an "o".

The computer wasn't wild in its shoddy treatment of the French language, but a growing number of francophones are increasingly suspicious that the government of Premier Stanley Lyon might be. Despite Lyon's assertions that he would eagerly participate in creating a fairer constitution (if Quebec voted "no"), his order for change seemed to have coded the minute the vote was in.

Last December the Supreme Court ordered Manitoba to restore French as an official language in the legislature, courts, civil service and government publications—a right that had been stripped from Manitoba's 60,000 francophones in 1870. The ruling was won by Georges Forest, a St. Boniface insurance broker who refused to pay a parking ticket issued in English only, though the government has promised to spend \$5 million over the next five years to translate all statute book to

1806. Forest accuses Lyon of stonewalling and obfuscation. "There's no priority to translate all these daily statutes," he says. "What we need now are services in French."

The official body representing Franco-Manitobans is the Société Franco-Manitobaine, which annually gives \$500,000 from the secretary of state's department. In early April, its 10-member board reportedly met with 1,500 members by officially endorsing a "yes" vote. Catherine Prévost, the society's president, quickly explained that her support of "yes" was not support for Quebec separation but a desperate at-



Forest, Prévost (right) "yes" was not meant as support for Quebec separation

tempt to prevent English Canada from sliding into a come again.

Georges Forest described the society's position as "cultural suicide," and openly wondered if the \$50,000 grant it gets from the Lévesque government had been a Trojan horse within the Franco-Manitobaine camp. When the society refused to back down, a rival group, the Comité Pro-Canada (1975), went into action, collecting more than 3,000 names of French Manitobans, an effort which, Forest says, "is far from over" to translate all statute book to

French. For her part, Prévost is unrepentant about his much public of a 13-foot boat bobbing and jerking gradually away from shore. She hopes to make it off a 100-mile point to Island. Kenneth Kerr, a 26-year-old biochemist and former Royal Navy electronics expert from Port Nelson, Scotland wants to be the first solo swimmer across the straits.

Buoyed and undaunted by the failure of his boat by last June when the same giant five-foot swimmer reported losing her into the churning mid-Atlantic after 66 days Kerr pulled out at St. John's harbor last week, intending to finish a job on the North Atlantic shelf within hours the season's sailing season. "I'm an outdoors man," Kerr repeated his calm and relaxed philosophy.

Kerr rose into the Atlantic buoyed and undaunted by the failure of the first try

and feels her worst nightmare was confirmed immediately after the referendum when Premier Lyon vowed he would never agree to even such a charter of rights as free consultation, since that would put the charter beyond the reach of Parliament. Last Wednesday, Lyon observed rather glibly that provision of services in French is merely a matter of "sanitary"—and sanitary can't be legislated. That was too much for Prévost, who summoned a news conference the next day and issued a news release boldly headed *NON OUVREZ PAS VOTRE BOUCHE*. "Only the future will tell whether we shall disappear under the



Prévost, Prévost (right) "yes" was not meant as support for Quebec separation

work to terminate in mid-July the work started in 1898," she threatened.

So far, Lyon has refused a constitutional debate in the legislature and says he won't set up a legislative committee to seek public input until federal-provincial talks are well under way. For Georges Prévost, at least, there was one crop of good news last week, as the Winnipeg city council finally agreed to print all parking tickets in both English and French. In the meantime, Catherine Prévost is still trying to get an answer on if or when the government will allow driving licenses in French. Peter Carlyle/Gardner

A rowboat and a star to steer by

Not far from the Newfoundland coast and in the eye of the North Atlantic shipping lanes, a beleaguered Scotman



the Conqueror comes a million of just 35 gallons of water to be transported by cable into, enough food to last Kerr a few weeks past his early August birthday. Two weeks, a hope, and the long-range home social costs that saved his last year. The 13-foot boat that saved his 40th birthday year, when four months he would have died, and he would have died. Kerr's last year was a sailing and a sailing program making the Conqueror, he says, "unbearable—a bloody affair."

At 40 and a man and heavy winds began making waves over Kerr's course, but the coast guard didn't intend that he would be blown back. "I'm the sailor," he told a group of divers and swimmers who had gathered to observe the launching. "He's louder than he looks. He's not one skipper. But by that time Kenneth Kerr was not only old."

Gail Hunt

Canada can't at Cannes



By Lawrence O'Toole

High in the sky, above the small speedboat racing around upon the beach, were five airplanes bearing in the sultry air of Cannes. The planes, their banners celebrating the completion of *Shogun* II and the anniversary of *RA*, kept circling and circling as they had done daily for days. The speck of the speedboat beneath them, sporting its passengers to shore for a screening, was leaving in its wake the *Don Juan*, a small clustered yacht where, compliments of the Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC), a party of Canadian celebrities, officials and journalists had landed afloat. As the yacht, now stripped to bare, was left further and further behind, a solitary figure on the far deck shrunk until it vanished—a fitting symbol of the diminished hopes of Canadians at Cannes this year.

In the small town of Cannes itself, where some 30,000 visitors had come to the 33rd Cannes Film Festival to see movies, to sell them and to seek up some cash, it was a different scene—as vibrant as the week-long drizzle—seemed to be the one common denominator: People wandered in designer fashion, or they paid \$5 for a warm cup of coffee and a chair with a view to watch the cinematic ambles. Few seemed to care when another plane flew overhead, this time announcing a film called *Big Shrike*; this was not what they had come for.

But, if the (women) crowd felt cheated, even more disillusioned was the 400-strong Canadian contingent. Most had come to cash in on the booming state of the Canadian film industry which, having hoisted in \$100 million in production last year, was reported to be massive



McCabe (above left), Pelletier, Helge Stephenson, Marshall bloom off the rope



standing on the *Don Juan*, however, those who hadn't been directly involved in the making of these movies were unknown to one point, the bloom was off the rose. With the exception of Claude Jutra's *Jeunesse*, a strong study of psychological anxieties, and John Goffman's *Mr. Pelman*, an examination of how insanity is often an emotional and moral option, the product shown at Cannes was either coor-

naired, mediocre or just plain dull. Films such as *Swamp*, *Probal Summer*, *Double Negative* and *The Green-up Squad* died a quick death in the mud. The festival had opened with Gilles Carle's *Fantasia*, a Franco-Canadian production that won the lightning bolt of the first week. Even worse was *Out of the Blue*, in which Days of Heaven star Linda Manz plays a disaffected teenager who kills her parents. Boast during the festival, the film was festooned with Canadian money, its Canadian director had been fired in favor of that experienced hoozie, Dennis Hopper. Not until the last week was it clear whether it was officially Canadian, U.S. or just a film without a country (it was the last) in the meantime, one U.S. viewer, told that the film was not Canadian, commented "Well, you don't see Americans giving Hopper money to make his special brand of crap, do you?"

Three days, finding film funds seems to be Canada's greatest cinematic talent. As everyone and his brother knows, the advantage of filmmaking in Canada—a 100-per-cent tax write-off for investors

is a certified Canadian film, with certification depending on a film fulfilling one of 10 Canadian-oriented points—has created an instant domestic industry. Unfortunately, very little of this footage surfaced at Cannes; the drama reels overshadowed the show. Even CFDC's head, Michael McCabe, a colorful and assertive character who had made quite an impression last year with his shadowy *Alas*, was uncharacteristically subdued, perhaps due to last month's announcement that he would be resigning in June. McCabe's tenure with the CFDC was largely responsible for the publicity engendered by the Canadian film industry; it put Canada on the movie map, leaving big holes at last year's festival with a slack "Canada, Cannes, and Don't" campaign. This year's "Great Pictures" slogan, however, had them rolling in the aisles: "I don't sense that the bloom is off the rose," argues McCabe. "It's just quiet. Part of what I had to do was to cheerleading—but things are going smoothly now. The CFDC did \$22 million worth of business last year—we've never had anything like that before."

About the *Don Juan*, CFDC Chairman Michel Venant was quick to agree, preferring to view 1980 as a "period of stabilization." I don't expect to see any breakthroughs—we're just moving right along. Certainly there's room for improvement. But the fact that *Fantasia* opened the festival speaks much in our favor." (His word, however, was that festival chief Gilles Jacob had disregarded the Canadian production committee, dumping upon *Fantasia* an inexperienced, almost single-handedly responsible for saving the French film industry recently, had 37 films in competition at Cannes this year.)

In the end, Canada was sent home almost empty-handed, retaining only its child status by receiving a jury prize for the National Film Board's short, *The Performer*. The jury, headed by Kirk Douglas and including Jeanne Moreau and former CFDC chief Michael Spector, awarded its grand prize, the *Palme d'Or*, in part to young Japan's Akira Kurosawa film *Kagemusha*, a war story set in feudal Japan, and Bob Fosse's musical *All That Jazz*. Michel Piccoli and Annek Annet took the best

actor and actress awards for their performances as brother and sister in Italian director Marco Bellocchio's *Leap into the Void*. The *Terrace*, a social comedy also from Italy, was the best screenplay award, Alan Bennett's *Three Days in September* won the special jury prize and Poland's Krzysztof Zanussi was named best director for Constantine Scuderie *Woman*, produced by Linda McCartney of the rock group Wings, shared the short-subject award with the sex film. As usual, the awards were set to match political or diplomatic, making sure that every part of the globe went home with a citation.

The real losers in the Canadian film scene, however, were the actors and actresses who were handed plain roles and

then were never seen, or worse, were banded the crumbs of Hollywood North. The lone figure on the forebode of the *Don Juan* was André Pelletier, one of Canada's finest actresses, who had come to Cannes to land some visibility and support in Michael Lando's *The Roadhouse*. Depressed about the hype, stranded in the town of quick smiles, she confessed, "There are a lot of things I don't want to do to get a part—I've done all that before. They don't want with *Servants* up on the screen or in real life." With only one English-language film to her credit—the wintry *Shri-Awe* in which she gives a decidedly unwelcome performance—Pelletier has been passed over in favor of alleged stars from the U.S. for *Don Juan*.

It's just one more Canadian-made, taxpayer-financed film that hasn't been sent outside Western Canada, and that, three years after its making, is just now being sold in the big marketplace.

If Pelletier can find any comfort, it might be in the fact that the country's finest actress, Kate Ross, is not faring much better, with only one appearance only slightly larger than *Swamp*, in a dreadful piece of drivel much as *Double Negative* you



"Mr. Pelman" stars Jessica Cuthbert and Kate Ross (above), & H. Thomson in "Swamp" (right); Jennifer Dale, a smart starlet



enough almost feel her contempt for the role. The film, another David Pelletier special, the gaze in *Nadine* Personal with Jessica Cuthbert, features Michael Sarrazin—a Canadian star whose career has gone in the dumps in Hollywood. The producers, it seems, are mistaking Canadian prospects with Canadian identities. Montreal producer Robert Lussier made the grand claim that he was "building" up one own stars, writers and producers. The stars of his movies have been Tom Berenger, Karen Black, Lee Majors and Robert Miskin—all well-known Canadians. Jennifer Dale, one Lussier pro-



tripe who is a born-ide Canadian, spent her days being shunted between the Cannes year and the Don Juan and behaving as a smart artist should. She was being sold in much the same fashion as the whole Canadian industry—before anyone could see the product.

One distinction that Canada shares with no other country, in fact, is that its producers, not its actors or directors, are the stars. The Bill Marshall (Outrageous Mr. Paterson), Gary Edwin (The Silent Partner, The Change Ring), the Robert Coopers (Ultimate Power Play)—the money men. They are the names of the Canadian film industry. It is the case of Marshall and Franksy perhaps deservedly so, since their track records show some taste and thought. But Cooper's Power Play and Lantieri's Agency, hyped and made in Canada some time ago, have yet to show their faces. It was indicative of the relationship, noted disapprovingly in Canada this year that Cooper, in a laudatory speech announcing eight new projects, said that these movies would be "read" and "not just taking advantage of the two breaks in Canada."

Apologies of this kind have become the norm in a country where a fictitious name can be used on a screenplay to get certification, and where one especially incompetent producer recently sent his completed film by air freight to Los Angeles without making a copy of it. Producer Marie Kasner of Carleton, a distribution company that handles Canadian films, in breaks about his relationship to Canada, crowing about the \$68 million worth of film Canada has to sell, including Your Ticket Is No Longer Valid, Dibs, The Last Chase and Kidnapping of the President. "After we had invested in Silent Partner there seemed to be a lot of Canadian money available and a lot of tax breaks, which interests me in seemed logical for us to continue in Canada, especially since these films are not particularly Canadian," Kas-



Aurora Morrissey and Gordon Fraser, winner of the 1984 Oscar for Best Actress, are among the many who have found themselves in the

same's product, however, did not impress an American buyer in Cannes who, having sat through a 30-minute preview of the film, never, announced, "Good, all of this is pure shit."

Actor-writer Gordon Fraser is almost despairing of the Canadian industry. "We don't even have a good name in Hollywood right now. We've got to be loud and, not the least, I get the feeling that I've been walking around here an awfully long time with a wonderfully expensive knitted sweater with a maple leaf on it. But somebody's got the problem solving and it's being resolved."

In response to the suggestion that Canada is being robbed blind by the cartographers, McCabe replied: "Sure, there are people out there who are creative." Along the Creative in Canada may be common knowledge, but those people have not been featured and probably won't be until the government agencies dealing with film in Canada figure them out. McCabe's own satirical short and novel "It's had been a private investor, I wouldn't have had the number of films the CRTC did, but the CRTC is in the development business and therefore had to take more chances. If I had stayed on, I would have spent more money in new directors and writers. The Peter Cantor (Jack London's Klondike Fever) and the Alvin Karpis (Dark Ship and City on Fire,

which was based on the screening room last year in Cannes) don't work out in the end. And do we have to maintain this size of operation in Cannes?"

This year's activities suggest that a cutback would be the proper move next year. Marshall dismissed on a lot of interest in his two movies—Mr. Paterson and Circle of Two (which is amusing but competent, a good commercial bet and not an embarrassment)—by being sensitive about them and by being clearly funny about who was allowed in to see them.

McCabe's victory, however, is at odds with the newly revamped CRTC policy—and his former stance—which says it will give preference to producers with an established track record. Though Vermett says, somewhat in contradiction, that the CRTC will be there "for the new people, those who can show promise," the corporation, in trying to be stricter, may well wipe out the options for the untalented but talented.

Winding up the screws who are destroying the Canadian film industry (while branding themselves reasonable) doesn't mean that Canadian movies should be honest, arid and over make a cut. Disgrace has reneged half of its \$4.5-million budget with foreign sales at the festival and Marshall claims his two films have sold quite successfully. Still, it's an uphill battle. In the film, as it might seem, Bopp's Out of the Blue, which should be turned in a hurry, was submitted for several months of the Canadian production committee for the Cannes Festival, being preferred to Mr. Paterson Marshall, understandably upset, said, "It's the last time I'll ever show a picture in a private screening again. I'm not paying \$50,000 a year to have those home and homecoming go to screening rooms."

In the final days of the festival, when all that was left was time to dismiss this disappointing showing, David Greybe, a Paris-based critic (Paris Movie) and programmer for Toronto's Festival of Festivals, launched the outburst: "In many ways the Canadian cinema now is far less interesting, vital and original than it was five or six years ago. Looking from what we show at Cannes this year Canadians are being changed to make fools of themselves before the international cultural community." It was a tortuous finale to a festival where one of the first nights to be over was the one when the festival was the magazine CANADIAN TAX SHITLY THE NEWS MOVIE BUSINESS. At the end of the short article extolling the gold rush to Canada, the new Klondike fever, came the corollary: "The only problem in the picture is, in the end, there is an increase of useless films that do not make it to the market." And they were written before the festival. ☐



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'Non' or not, anglo business lost as much as Lévesque

by Rodrick MacQueen

I think that we, as Quebecers, have now reached the point of no return. I am deeply convinced that we can escape as an area. The referendum will be the last — P.Q. Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau, Toronto, March 17, 1997

It was the classic Toronto business crowd listening to the man in the banker's three-piece suit that day. After a plate of rubber chicken and a

said "They're a bunch of bastards trying to kill us. I'm scared."

Most businessmen, both within and outside Quebec, felt far short of feeling that foul. There were those who saw Premier René Lévesque as nothing but a little man merely doing little things, at best a shaman and a shaman's mood. Others, not as bemused, saw him through tilted eyes as a socialist with fervent plans to push them down. It made the mood uncertain and led to a flight of capital and 350 corporate de-

vices. Liberal administrations did more "nationalizing" than has the P.Q. The Caisse de Depot, the arm of government that invests Quebec pension funds, owns five per cent of at least one chartered bank and 28 per cent of Dominion Inc. among other holdings in its \$10-billion blue-ribbon portfolio. Any provincial government will keep that ownership position intact.

No, the anglo businessmen in Quebec whose environment remains beyond his control will feel no more comfortable even under a government of a different stripe. If he is anything, he still needs to be aware of decisions if he makes more than \$30,000 a year, his taxes are at higher rates than elsewhere. An English education for his children continues to be a luxury. It is unlikely that Claude Ryan will change much of that.

"The real problem," Ryan said 15 years ago, "is not whether state intervention will enter but what form it will take." Of course, that was when Quebec could seize economic control of itself by a referendum. In 1978, when he ran for Liberal leader, his views were little changed. One "massive over-sight" the state's role, he said, in "co-ordinating, supporting and giving strategic direction to economic development." In fact, Ryan dismissed his 1977 anti-interventionist platform, saying that it took "a too rigid view of the economic realigning."

No carrier of business he. Further, there is a new entrepreneurial spirit in Quebec, and the business schools are filled with fresh-faced francophones. The stage mortality of the anglos will no longer command over their own lives and workplaces as he more interested than before the "no" vote. Lévesque has failed the Parizeau test. Last week, the anglos lost as much as Lévesque, but don't get me wrong. The real loss of the English-speaking Quebec businessmen may have only just begun. It will not alter in the future. And, as General de Gaulle has said, the future lasts a long, long time.



parture by actual count of The Montreal Star, now itself defunct.

The complaint view from the business establishment outside Quebec is in that Quebecers have voted for "the real world." Because business poured its money into the "no" campaign, there is now much self-outside angling — not that the light is over but that the retreat has been sounded. Thankfully, this time there is no phoney hand-wringing or false hyperbole. In fact, the reality was already changing before the vote. The hemorrhaging of Montreal had ceased, office vacancy rates were down to a healthy 15 per cent and newly announced downtown construction projects (not including government buildings) had reached a value of \$600 million this year. Not Calgary — but not Columbia, either.

But cool rhetoric aside, what, if anything, will change for business and the economy now in Quebec? Previous title. If it was Lévesque's socialism that business feared — Le Club de Nord — pre-

sely through state action. In 1978, when he ran for Liberal leader, his views were little changed. One "massive over-sight" the state's role, he said, in "co-ordinating, supporting and giving strategic direction to economic development." In fact, Ryan dismissed his 1977 anti-interventionist platform, saying that it took "a too rigid view of the economic realigning."

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Hosanna in limerick for the hymn-maker

Guelph, Ontario, is one of Upper Canada's most picturesque, if not its loveliest, centres, but the opening earlier this month of its spring music festival was more like a spring rite. Celebrating the centennial of Canada's best-loved and best-known ecclesiastical composer, Healey Willan (1880-1968), the Guelph Spring Festival produced *Limericks*, a new work written by Harry Somers for the occasion. The audience accompanied a serious tribute to the composer, especially in light of his output, but Somers knew another Willan, the lyrics of the first limerick were so potent as the afternoon's business. "On the heights of a barnyard from Crissie Wren (tattooed the pines of a) And on her behind (for the sole of the blind) Was the same information in braille." While there were a few nervous titters in the crowd, and half-suppressed grins in the choir, many reacted by putting their lips and eyes to the composer, Mass-soprano Letta Marshall, who never sounded better, raised the shock waves and hummed it again fervently. Clearly, this was not an occasion for sanctimonious homage. But for the time the second limerick had begun the audacious audience of over 600 had warmed to the notion and by the third, casting all caution to the wind, they laughed out loud.

Although there is hardly a hymnbook in the country that doesn't include works by Willan, he was almost not the staid churchman one might expect but a jovial, ebullient spirit who, as biographer Keith MacMillan put it, "was one of Canada's most genial collectors, friends and creators of limericks, the cleverer and more raffish the better." Born in Batham, England, he studied music from the age of 4 and at 11 was conducting the choir and playing the organ for services at his choir school. He came to Canada to head the choral department at the Toronto Conservatory of Music when he was 33. Since he also taught at the University of Toronto's faculty of music, Willan educated, taught and influenced almost every professional musician who studied in Toronto in the first half of the century.

Willan's prodigy, composer Godfrey Redden, claims that Willan was the first Canadian composer equal to establish an international reputation. An accom-



Willan, not exactly the staid churchman

plished catalogue of his compositions lists 780 works, including his successful opera *Devotion*. 14 settings of the mass brevis, athenian adaptations of plain-songs, sermons, masses, songs, two symphonies and one piano concerto. His organ compositions, *Impassioned Pomegranates* and *Prayer*, was described by the late French organist, Joseph Bonnet, as one of the great works of the century. The celebration of this centennial is a testimony to that genius, with concerts, sermons and broadcasts in halls and churches, on CBC radio and television from Halifax to Vancouver, as well as a six-month tribute in the Episcopal Diocese of New York and countless concerts and recitals in the churches of Great Britain.

Although Willan's work is strongly rooted in the traditions he brought with him from England, the sense of heritage makes him still vital in Canadian composition today. "My directions are different from Willan's but he provides continuity," says Somers. "A country needs a series of references in each of the arts which, whether one likes them or not, one can relate to or react against. This is the only way you can build a dynamic culture." Janet Emling

For the record

WOMAN ON
Butler Cunningham
(1981)

After his new hair, hot dog collar and the June Awards and a revealing television interview in which he talked about hitting women and "getting high," Butler Cunningham has emerged a variable white, pink or dope. And like the black-and-white character of his previous work,



there, there is a lot about him that is blatantly new-wave influenced. Though the casually named trip cut in a rather staidroom routine to recently rediscovered rock original Gino Vigneri, these others crack and bounce with new energy, considered as homage, say, to Blondie or Tom Petty they are appealing and effective. On *However Slow*, nicely remade as it is his tradition, Cunningham's singing is not long less than lively. To round out what is really a mixed bag, more than an entirely broad-based one, there are a couple of songs with that wacky Latin beat that in its pervasiveness must count as the ethos of today.



ROCKS IN THE SNOW
Emmylou Harris
(1981)

Unlike Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris doesn't try for an updated sound and, perhaps wisely, is contenting on a future in country. In fact, she seems to have dug her heels into tunes more rustic than even, rehashing those accorded to "traditional." Her set is not the '60s

in a version of Paul Simon's *The Boxer*, on which, without the high drama of the original arrangement, the folk, it, is especially lukewarm. Of the poignancy she is, increasingly, only remembered for, there are maybe two examples, and even these are mostly in comparison to earlier work. David Livingstone

GREY ENCOUNTERS
Dexter Gordon
(1981)

Tease saxophonist Dexter Gordon's new big band record confirms the suspicion that continental clubs like the Cafe

Marmouste, Gordon's regular stand while living in Copenhagen, were American jazz in a lively museum, the style of the mid-'50s persisting unchanged. What saves Gordon from the antique is his casual sophistication. His sopping tenor battle with Johnny Griffin (centered at Carmine Stoll) seems as if it's coming right off the stage of the Montmartre, complete with after-hours glow and conventional punchlines. Gordon shows how, during his time abroad, he has lost some sympathy but his groove is warm and good. Eric Teitz

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THE PACHABEL CANON
 The Canadian Brass Plays
 David Seroussi Music
 (VCA)

A questionable idea, but worth hearing for its brilliant brass playing. These arrangements of Bach, Frescobaldi, Handel and Pachelbel far from quiet come close to musical pornography, what with their racy揉揉 and wacky situations. The horns also tends to make the music sound more comic at some plotting than it should. There are a few gems, however, especially in complex figures where the distinctiveness of trumpet, horn and trombone gives clarity of line while their facility enables enormous cohesion. Musically a somewhat pointless exercise, but an acceptable one in which to hear the astonishing versatility of the Canadian Brass.

John Pearce

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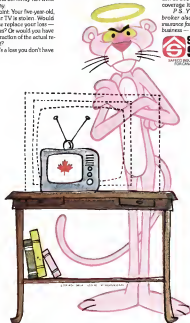
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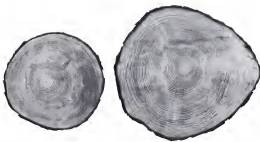
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Science



Beware a sneezing universe

Scientists have always held an undeniable fascination. The spectacle of life on our planet is so frequent enough to remain genuinely unremarkable, and throughout history, their appearances have been associated with good or bad omens—usually bad. Now, highly respected British astronomer Sir Fred Hoyle and his colleague Chandra Wickramasinghe have suggested that there may be some grains of truth in the old superstition. The grains, specifically, are viruses and bacteria that, the astronomers contend, multiply in comets and filter down to Earth whenever it crosses a trail of cometary debris. Not as exotic as the warmer glow in The Astronomer's Skies, but surely as hard to control, these cosmic germs bring colds, flu, measles, polio, sometimes even new plagues, all depending on which viral bacteria pass through.

In their book *Disasters From Space*, recently released by J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., Hoyle and Wickramasinghe argue that colds and flu are not contagious (they don't "pass from person to person like a bucket along a line"), but that viruses and bacteria fall to Earth in discrete patches in rain or snow, infecting whoever happens to be in their way. Their scientific evidence includes analyses of meteoritic gas clouds, literary and historical records of diseases and ancient epidemiological research. Says Hoyle, a fellow of the Royal Society, president of the Royal Astronomical Society, a knight since 1972 and, in his spare time, a science-fiction writer (the *Black Cloud*): "I would not be involved in anything that on the face of it looks ridiculous unless I felt the evidence was extremely strong."

Yet, so far, the scientific community has responded with hoots. "It's almost inconceivable that a virus would evolve apart from its host," says microbiologist Susan Leachman of the University of Massachusetts. "Paradoxes don't fall to Earth in discrete patches" on Earth—any, but not on Spout," adds James Arnold, a microbiologist and aerospace specialist at the University of California at San Diego. (Hoyle and Wickramasinghe say the cause of Legionnaires' Disease was a new bacterium falling on the folks on one side of the parade but not on the other.) For his part, however, Hoyle responds amiably: "I've never been in the slightest depressed by popular opinion. If one accepts one point of view at all, then almost the whole edifice of formal biology collapses. So it's natural for people to take a hostile attitude."

Disasters From Space is really a test case for a much larger hypothesis, which was the subject of the authors' earlier book, *Lifecloud* (also passed by scientists, and is still evolving rapidly. As elaboration of an idea that has excited the imagination from time to time since ancient Greece, and whose last serious proponent was turned-the-century Swedish chemist Svante Arrhenius, the larger theory goes something like this: Life evolves in space, not on planets. Complex organic molecules and single cells develop in the clouds that ring the galaxies and in the tens of dust-rich, sunward solar systems. Comets, whose origin lies in these outer

regions, are the carriers of life, broadcasting it whenever their far-flung orbits bring them near the sun. Some of the acrobatic debris showers down on planets (comets, infecting, even causing beneficial mutations) and some is propelled out toward other stars. Thus, all life is essentially compatible, for its causality is transmitted, and shared throughout the universe. If the authors can demonstrate that microorganisms fall from space, then the larger theory gains force. "I am convinced," says Hoyle, "that microbiology is a cosmic subject, not a terrestrial one. It is as wrong to consider the Earth the origin of life as it is pre-Darwinian to claim it was wrong to consider it the centre of the universe."

Although several dozen organic molecules have been detected in interstellar gas clouds, and some meteorites contain organic matter, few scientists besides Hoyle and Wickramasinghe would claim that life exists in space, for it is a large leap from organic molecules to self-replicating cells. But Ted Lathland, Canadian nuclear physicist and a fan of Hoyle's so-called science, more sympathetically: "There's a role in science for people like Fred Hoyle who make these rather wild speculations and stick their necks out. That's Hoyle's style and I think it's fine."

If Hoyle is right, and germs are raining from the skies, *Disasters From Space* contains some practical advice. To governments: patrol the atmosphere for germs and start inoculating Test-Subjects, avoid sun-bathing. To citizens: avoid sun-bathing.

Pat Orlowski

DIVINE LIGHT



Kramer (above right), Corley (below), man and machine become a winged creature climbing in lush cloud cavities with bare hands

Enboard, the rakish contraption looks downright silly—an aluminum skeleton about to be carried off by a crudely modeled giant dragonfly. As the pilot prepares to launch this deadweight insect, it all looks a little better. Staggering under the glider's 36-foot wingspan, he balances the frame as his belted head and torso lean forward. Suddenly the wind lifts man and machine. The pilot hurls himself ahead and jerks two 5.5-horsepower chain-saw motors into spluttering life. The metamorphosis is complete: man and machine have become a winged creature which can climb 3,000 feet to touch the walls of cloud caverns with bare hands. The pilot's torso became the plane's controls. Smells from below tell him where he will be buffeted up by hot rick air from dark plowed fields, or fall into cool-air valleys above forests. Equally aware of the sources of airflow on his bare face, he senses the wave fronts of air masses and can cut his engines and ride down the wave troughs, a skyborne surfer. Or he can pucker so low over lakes and streams that his dragline feet literally walk on water. No wonder fans of powered hang gliding thank their sport deity. Calgary's Will Muller calls it "the most exciting way of flying—motorcycling in

reed hang gliders, mostly young and male, mostly concentrated in the Prairies and Ontario. That's because the sport has just launched—armed by space research in aerodynamics and lightweight materials—out of a crowd of alternative travel modes. Compared to the cost of fueling a Cessna (\$12 an hour), ultra-light aviation vehicles can fly for less than \$2 an hour, get 48 miles per gallon of gas and free-ride on the wind. Dale Kramer of Port Colborne, Ontario, a 33-year-old aviation engineer, designed and now manufactures a \$4,100 do-it-yourself ultra-light kit, or harness a month or so later, he has sold more than 50 "Bassos" kits to Australia, Americans and Western Canadians. Then wide marketability is especially significant: unlike pure hang gliders, motorized ultra-lights are not restricted to hilly countryside.

Ultra-light riders call their sport "the ultimate high"—but it's not without its dangers. Last fall brought Canada's first death—a Manitoba man who may have suffered a heart attack in mid-air or during his machine's failure and fall. At present, fatality figures for powered and non-powered hang gliders are lumped together. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.'s statistical bulletin calculates that both forms of flight have 1.3 deaths per thousand participants, making them the third most dangerous sport. Outranking between the most dangerous—flying home-built aircraft—and the almost-indeed ultra-light flight is one concussion facing Transport Canada. It currently states that an ultra-light is not an airplane if it weighs less than 150 lb., has less than 20 hp and is non-pressurized. This exception ultra-light flight from licensing and inspection regulations says Transport Canada's Dean Broadfoot, currently heading a committee on sport aviation. "If no regulations, we must be prepared for inspection and testing."

Calgary's Will Muller, a practitioner for the past three years, disputes the notion that ultra-light flight is kamikaze-style suicide. The argument, because of its low speeds, "there may be some 'students,' but people walk away." Dale Kramer contends that motorized maneuverability adds to rider control. His plane can make an emergency landing almost anywhere and, he adds reassuringly, needs a lighted airstrip only off from a funeral home parking lot. Broadfoot suspects there will be more ultra-lights flying into Canadian life in the near future, and asks, "How far should we go in protecting people from themselves?" Basser is tall a gambler not to gamble. Or at least he should be as not to learn for wings.

Val Ross

the air "Toronto's Peter Corley, 32, simply says he "acts in 3-D." Powered hang gliding—or ultra-light flight—the latest sensation for the skystruck, is a marriage of motorized control with wind-dependent sail planing. Against the perhaps 2,000 pure hang gliders who soar across Canada, there are only, at generous estimate, 100 pow-

PHOTO BY GARY HILL, FOR LIFE



Divorced from a generation

The dissolution of a marriage, in many cases, not only severs man from woman but cuts adult child from parent. The casualties of that rupture have been grieved for the mill of therapists and academics analyzing the demise of the nuclear family. But it is only recently that professionals have considered the role of the neglected characters in the divorce drama—the grandparents. It is becoming increasingly difficult to resolve the new species of family tie. With changing intergenerational relationships, it's being whittled down: grandmothers are grieved with divorce, new husbands are grieved with remarriage. Consequently, with no legal recourse, grandparents may find themselves uprooted from grandchildren and then often artificially grafted to step-grandchildren with whom they share no genealogical roots or obligations.

Grandparents' rights may very well become a cause célèbre—in the courts, on the therapist's couch and in research studies. This April, in Toronto, the American Orthopsychiatric Association devoted an entire panel discussion to the intergenerational aspect of divorce, at its annual meeting for mental health professionals. South of the border, the Stepfamily Association of America was launched nationally, late last year, to act as a support network and lobby for remarried couples, their children and older parents. And research studies, such as the Remarriage Project at the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry in Toronto, are examining the place grandparents hold in "reconstituted" families.

"There are few rules with less power than those of grandparents who are denied access or find the new relationship [with the remarried couple] less than cordial," says California psychologist and step-grandmother Emily Visher. Author of *Stepfamilies*, a guide for those

spirits, she says many grandparents find themselves at a loss in dealing with families divided between their true- and step-grandchild. There is no prescribed social etiquette debating how to handle such awkward matters as inheritance, gift giving and special outings, for example. More important, there is no prescribed legal status. Visher, who heads the Stepfamily Association of America, says it is only recently that American courts have begun to grant visiting rights to grandparents. (The precedent

book, *They're getting it!* Reluctant to discuss family matters openly but drawn into the adversarial system despite themselves, grandparents often propagate their grandchildren against the in-law parent, says Judith Messinger, head of the Clarke Institute project. When disappointed with their offspring's new partner, grandparents may also use their grandchildren as pawns to disrupt the budding relationship. And in cases where the young child lives with his grandparent, the problem is further aggravated: not only does the divorce deal him a blow, but his parent's remarriage could result in a second loss—that of the grandparent-caretaker.

Separation or divorce has the potential of creating fissures between grandparents and their children or disorienting them completely. In one of Messinger's cases, a mother added no estrangement with her daughter-in-law following the divorce that the out-adult her son, his new wife and stepchildren, and relations even to see their

Just as therapists for the most part, admits Messinger, have failed to include grandparents in family reunions, it is a gross reflection of society's lack of respect for the extended family that grandparents are becoming more and more estranged. "There are times when I'm left out completely," says one Toronto grandmother. "The behavior pattern seems to be if it's good I'll know about it. If it's bad I won't. They would like to protect me from the family." And how blatantly grandparents are ignored in divorce cases is no better illustrated than in the Oscar-winning film *Kramer vs. Kramer*, praised for its sensitive treatment of a ruptured relationship. The parents' anguish and a child's bruised psyche were parlayed into a box-office hit. But where, oh where, were the grandparents?

Toba Kormanik



REUTERS

hasn't been set in Canada, but the demand may soon become apparent. According to the latest figures, one child is 10 new lines in a stepfamily.

Not only have the courts ignored them, but most family specialists have not yet begun to appreciate the effect family discord has on the grandparents—and vice versa. "I feel very hurt now," says one Toronto woman about her relationship with her separated son's two daughters, 9 and 11. "They've become very discreet. They've been told never to talk about things outside the

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Rebirth of the abortion furor

By Audrey Grescoe

Vancouver Alderman Jennifer Gerard calls herself a feminist. But she's also an evangelical minister and a founding member of the Pro Life Society of British Columbia, which opposes abortion on any grounds. So when the Vancouver Status of Women, which among its other feminist activities supports a woman's right to decide for herself whether to have an abortion, asked city council in late April for a \$15,846 grant, Gerard had to weigh her feminism against her anti-abortion "right-to-life" beliefs.



Anti-abortion posters (above) and Gerard (left). Some people defend the fetus. Some people defend what it called the unborn.

life" beliefs. "Some people defend the fetus. Some people defend the whales. I defend the unborn," she told council led by Gerard, a majority of aldermen turned down the Status of Women request. "My constituents," Gerard says, "don't allow me to vote generational funds to an organization that is putting time and energy behind pro-choices."

It was an unexpected success for right-to-life supporters in B.C., where the abortion rate is 20.8 per 100 live

births. At the same time, other hospitals have been left wondering how to cope with the sudden increase in the demand for abortions from women who have been turned down elsewhere.

Earlier this year in Victoria, right-to-lifers had another, although brief, victory. A three-doctor therapeutic abortion committee at the Victoria General Hospital—where anti-abortionists had given letters to the medical staff—had approved only five applications for abortion by the first week of February instead of the usual 70 to 100 a month. With its medical abortion procedures stalled, the hospital board was caught between supporting the committee and continuing to burden the city's Royal Jubilee Hospital where abortions had quickly increased by 300 per cent. Finally, in late April, the medical staff voted to drop up a new roster of physicians from which the hospital board could select a rotating committee.

The crisis at the Victoria General followed intensive campaigns by two B.C. right-to-life organizations, the Pro Life Society and the 100 member Physicians for Life—campaigns that left pro-choice groups as shakens as the hospital boards. "I think people were complacent," says Jennifer Loomis, Victoria president of the Canadian Abortion Rights Action League, "because it has been relatively easy to get an abortion in Victoria since 1969." That was the year the Criminal Code was amended to permit hospital boards to appoint a medical committee that may approve an abortion if the mother's life or health is threatened by continuation of the pregnancy. In 1971, two years after the liberalization of the law, the national abortion rate was 16.6 for every 300 live births. By 1978, when the rate had risen to 17.4, 49 per cent of Canadians polled by Gallup favored abortion in certain circumstances. The rest were of extreme opposite opinions, with 35 per cent for abortion in all cases and only 14 per cent totally opposed.

Although they represent a minority opinion, the pro-lifers are extremely well-organized. Birthright, with 65 offices across the country, counsels and helps pregnant women to have their babies. The Coalition for the Protection of Human Life, the political arm, lobbies politicians and supports right-to-life candidates in federal and provincial elections. Last month, in Ottawa, it circulated a brief to MPs urging Criminal Code amendments to protect unborn

children. Physicians for Life holds workshops at the annual Canadian Medical Association convention. By far the most public activities of the right-to-life movement have been organized by the 130 self-styled educational groups that exist under the umbrella of the 60,000-member national Alliance for Life.

In Prince Edward Island, right-to-lifers and some church groups have been urging—so far unsuccessfully—a boycott of the new equipment fund of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Charlottetown to pressure the board to institute an anti-abortion policy. In Ontario, two years ago, right-to-life members won four seats on the board of the St. Thomas Elgin General Hospital. Their attempts to influence the therapeutic abortion committee led to the near resignation of the hospital's medical director. Amused by this threat to the regular health care of the community, a grassroots citizens' movement prevented the election last June of another group of anti-abortion candidates—at considerable cost to the hospital, which had needed a sports arena and set up tents to accommodate the 4,000 people who had paid for memberships in the hospital and were eligible to vote for board members.

In B.C., Pro Life Society members sit in at meetings on the boards of at least a



North Shanty students, walking intensely for a flood of last-minute applications.

half-dozen hospitals. Dr. Robin Percival-Smith, a spokesman for the Richmond pro-choice group, has warned that the public will lose the right to therapeutic abortions if three more Pro Life members win seats at the June 29 annual general meeting at the Richmond General Hospital. At other hospitals approach abroad meetings, affon-

trators watch nervously for a flood of last-minute applications like the one that brought 3,000 cheering, jeering, applauding people to the North Shanty Recreation Centre last June to vote for three candidates for the board of Surrey Memorial Hospital. After a second recount had declared the winners—two pro-choice and one pro-life—a hospital governor said, "I think here [that we set out] not to vexing the hospital."

The opposition to right-to-life has fewer members and seems less well-organized. "The climate of opinion here is very much pro-choice," says Jennifer Loomis of the Canadian Abortion Rights Action League. "However, those people who are pro-choice are not getting out there, writing letters to editors. They are not harassing politicians and are not necessarily read about their views, which the anti-choice people certainly are." In Vancouver, a collective called Concerned Citizens for Choice as Abortion has managed to party many of the Pro Life threats. Lawyer Ruth Beach, a spokesperson for the group, says that usually, when the opposition has been aware of Pro Life plans to elect members to hospital boards, it has managed to muster powerful support to defeat them. "The problem you face with the abortion issue is that people don't remember that it is an issue. You have to keep reminding them." □

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Photography

An understated world of wonders

The recent history of photography has been of buzz and blast acquisitions. Photographs have grown as esteemed, occasionally as art and commodity, that even at a young photographer's very first show one can assure spots in prospective buyers that prints are of museum quality. Sober and monetary values seem to have bifurcated, so that a collection of significant Canadian work gathered by the Banff School of Fine Arts is known, somewhat wistfully, as the "Banff Package." In light of all this, the exhibition of 55 vintage prints by pioneer and master André Kertész at the Jane Cawlin Gallery in Toronto in May, is a significant departure from this atmosphere of hype and hurry. The first group show ever of vintage pictures (original prints, usually no more than three, made near the time the film was developed) by Kertész, it was not only the first chance to see images that, in some cases, were not known to exist, but also the first opportunity for private and institutional collectors to purchase, for as low as \$12,000. Both is the artistry of Kertész, however, that even the most casual viewer did not feel inhibited and over the most

effortless came away enriched. In perhaps his most popularly known photograph, *Salvée Dancer* (1934), in which a jovial woman has innocently arranged, a Catherine wheel of hay, Kertész took the stuffing out of such ponderous concepts as art, sex, comfort and dignity, capturing the timeless, playful spirit of making fun. And he has never been worried about meeting conventional expectations. Famous for her revolutionary breaking with past-century standards early in the century, Kertész

was one of the first photographers to turn his small camera onto the street, to address, as critic Janet Malcolm has put it, "the adventurous and disreputable elements of experience." Born in Budapest in 1894, he worked in a stock exchange, served in the Hungarian army during the First World War and abandoned commerce in favor of the camera, enjoying the recognition and friendship of other major artists in Paris where he had his first one-man show in 1927. In 1938 he moved to New York, where he free-lanced commercially until 1962, and where he continues to make pictures.

Choosing images from the wealth of Kertész archival material that has been entrusted to her in the past year and a half, Corbin, who has enjoyed a personal and a professional association with Kertész since she sought him out in the mid-'70s, managed a selection that reflected the artist's remarkable diversity. An unframed print from 1938 dominates his intention toward the bourgeoisie. A funeral procession moves along a clammy, cobble street, horse-drawn hearse and veiled mourners filing toward eternity, while on the sidewalk, a lone pedestrian, Kertész and with purse clutched in two hands, seems embarrassed to find himself going about worldly affairs and is breaking in the opposite direction. Kertész's gift for abstraction

is evident in one from the *Dustbowl* series he completed in the '30s in which, by some technical emasculation, human forms and lines appear as stretched taffy. Their grotesque contortions by beautiful, swirling lines. Similarly remarkable, but more geometrically composed, is a horizontal silver of a photograph in which a scrumptious man stands on a ladder, fishing a book from library shelves, his crooked elbow as much an architectural detail as the molding on the ceiling behind him. Among the familiar and unob-



Dusty Day, Montmartre's stretched taffy

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vious, Kertész discussed, deftly, understated drama, in still lifes as well as street scenes. A typical overhead shot of Paris street vendors depicts a cluster of customers around a tableful of wares, while next to it two men in suits are engaged, looking begrudgingly upon their neighbor's good fortune. Even in his utopian vision, there is the urgency of life. *Dusty Day, Montmartre*, one of five images reproduced in Kertész's book *From Paris*, shows a quiet night spot crowded in a nook flanked by lamp posts and a street empty but for two cars, one of them left—abandoned?—with its door open.

The negative for *Dusty Day*, as far as any of the other prints in the exhibition, no longer exists. Though its \$15,000 price tag may seem high, especially to those unaware that vintage prints by Alfred Stieglitz sell for more, Corbin claims that the market hasn't yet caught up to these pictures, some of them being worth as much as \$25,000. That Kertész has granted Corbin permission to produce a book of his vintage work with a written text—unprecedented in volume of his photographs—testifies to a faith in her which surpasses that of just a dealer. In addition to the artistry of his vision, it's a faith in an ordinary world to yield a wonder that makes common seem modest.

David Livingstone

Two unframed vintage Kertész photos (above and below), his "Salvée Dancer" of 1934 (right), the collection came away enriched



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Getting a grip on time

Despite the apparent roughness of their work—often the machine or model or room or videotape they've dreamed up gets no further than the Maegret stage—the 12 artists whose work appears in the current Montreal Museum of Fine Arts (MMFA) show, *Tuesday & After*, are much more ambitious than their forefathers. These filmmakers, painters and sculptors both of the present and the past, were and are content with creating art that hangs on the wall or sits on the floor and defines itself in its own terms—simply as art. But these 16 filmmakers and sculptors have turned to memory and time for their themes. And, so it easily passed from the title of American artist Alice Aycock's contribution, *The Machine That Makes the World*, they are less interested in the products of art than in creating or re-creating worlds. They reach out for pop culture, architecture, archeology, history, myth and biography; it's not surprising that traditional forms of art are not equal to their grasp.

The two-part exhibition, arranged by Norman Thériault and Diana Nemoff, has brought together, in a rare occurrence for North America, major artists from Europe, the United States and Canada. The show plays strange games with its own themes of memory and time. The second part, which opened May 7 and is running until June 8, is haunted by memories, even artifacts, of the last Vancouver artist

Aycock's *The Machine That Makes the World* (right), the process of "raising the Dead" by Anselm Kiefer (left) and the machine



Glen Lewis had marked his site in part one of the show by stacking all the museum's tropical plants and arranging them into an arbor. Asking himself why people create little ornamental gardens in front of their homes, he answered—nostalgia for Eden. So Lewis travelled through Europe and Asia in 1996-97 gathering evidence of this mythic dream in the great gardens of the world (Museum's Feb. 18, 1998). The not entirely successful—passageway of plants—with its less than paradise-scented architectural shores—led viewers through a "metaphor" of the original garden of Eden into a grouping of photographs of the earthly garden he had found. During the second half of the exhibition, the plants, back in their usual places, still retained traces of Lewis' "bewilderment."

Another path from part one which lingered in the mind while walking through part two, was *The Vertigo Way*, by French artist Anne and Patrick Pommier. It played on nostalgia like Lewis', but in this case for a past that had never existed. Re-creating an imaginary stairway of the imaginary palace of Nero (called Domus Aurea, a golden palace that could have barred when Rome did), a black charred miniature runs rose from the ground, running diagonally across the long gallery to and above the head in a corner. Stairways within stairways bore names such as *Little Theatre of the Image of Memory* and *The Walls of Forgetfulness* in typewritten "word drawings" on the wall. The words lined the stairway, accumulating details as if each one was a building block. Such "architecture of the mind," according to the artists, plants the dreams and unconscious of a collective fantasy of history.

The notion of memory strutting the past can apply to any work of art—a simple portrait preserves a face. But the Montreal exhibition explores the process of time as well as memory (the

curators confess, for instance, that they are more interested in de Vries' notebooks, with their biographical notes, inventions, sketches and running history than in Mona Lisa's smile). The work of these 16 artists, whether making up fictional pasts or recording their own lives, actually has a remarkable affinity for the pursuits of museum—institutions devoted to preserving the objects and recording the traces of the past. Hansa Bartholomew of Hamburg, who was included in part one, creates art that is its own catalogue, abominably documented in 286 drawings which represent

years of her life. Each one seems to repeat the last, composed of endless lines of the same looping letter broken only by unobtrusive computations—but does not. This meaningless writing takes time to do and takes time in its subject. Essentially bound in volumes by the artist, the drawings are a perpetually growing autobiographical archive which leads time—and Bartholomew's own life—the density and left of library shelves full of reference books.

Other artists in part two of the show are more rigorous with time, carefully regulating the viewer's experience of it.

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by physically pulling you through their work—not allowing freedom to drift in memory. Aycock's time machine, for example, could also be called The Machine That Ate Its Tail. Incredibly built of rough lumber, it is a combination maze and spinning wheel of fortune—an amusement park and prison in one. Once you're hand inside one of its lock-like doors you can't get out until it lets you out—which because of its slow rotation takes a long time. Aycock's drawings, also displayed, are extraordinary—detailed architectural plans for life-size mechanical renderings of cosmologies such as a section of Dante's paradise, which award only a precious person to transform them from blueprint into fact.

Toronto artist John Massey's construction imposed a time limit, too, but doesn't wait for its audience to volunteer. A scale model of his Toronto studio with a resident implanted in one wall, it ensures the viewer with a taped voice reading descriptions of alleged personalities of Peet, Rethelstein, Rarthquake and the like. Vito Arcene of New York asks you to be both reader and outside his work at the same time. Sliding down on the swing in the centre of *Raising the Dead* leaves four red mannequins to his feast. But to see the propaganda posters of revolutionary figures that are attached to their backs you must give up the swing to smother leader or not, you get the notion that you too may be no more than a slightly cynical puppet.

All these pieces, and the work of the other nine artists, share themes with each other and with the museum's cumulative effect of the exhibition is like these nesting Russian dolls, the talent as adequate representation of the whole. Or perhaps more like a mirror image that reflects itself infinitely—which gives more a sense of the self-deliberate confusions of time and memory. While almost all the work has been seen elsewhere before—and other artists might have served the MFA's aims as well—thematic exhibitions of such international importance are just not being mounted at institutions such as the National Gallery or the Art Gallery of Ontario. In a sense, *Yesterday & After* is almost conventional in that it accepts the notion of the museum where the most art of the 20th century has rebelled against the ideas of both museum and time (preferring timeless problems of form, space and color). What the artists in this show do is accept the museum as part of their art by using its premises as the arena of creation of living, breathing culture. Artist-graduates in pursuit of the past, these men and women are the newest artists and archivists of their own myths of time. **Philip York**



A protest sign, negotiators Ray Gribay and Martin Miller (right) during strike.



Sports

They staged a strike and nobody struck

By Hal Quinn

Baseball, they say, is a funny game, its long history enlivened by a legendary cast of rascals who have taken their game to the next level. From Babe Ruth to Yogi Berra, Casey Stengel to Jim Blevins. Not without reason it is called the national pastime south of the border. In 1980, they still don't play it right in Chicago's Wrigley Field, and across the nation, and it is the little white in Montreal and Toronto, afterwards and being evenings are walked away by millions of fans watching some play a boy's game. Its history pace has been hit by the time to home throughout the era. "I keep hearing bells like a telephone is ringing," New York Mets pitcher John Stangan said recently after being hit by a foul ball. "Don't answer it," team-mate Lee Mitzl gently advised him. And there are moments of historic drama, too, as in Toronto last July. Odo Vekic's four home runs on one afternoon in May. But, late last week, major league baseball had all the drama and history of a game of Russian roulette.

"The situation is as clear as the ash from Mount St. Helens," Texas Ranger catcher Jim Sundberg says on the evening of May 22. Since the major league players walked out of their spring training camps before the beginning of this season, the threat of a players' strike had loomed over baseball as Mount St. Helens' clouds now drift across the continent. The issue, of course, was money. The players' association wanted a larger share of the inflated revenue from television and ticket prices in the form of an increase in team-owners' contributions to the pension fund, as increase in the minimum wage for major league and a reduction in services before a player may become a free agent. Now there was the rub: Baseball's free agency has had as long a history as the courts as a new-player headliner. Since 1967, players had been bound in perpetuity to the teams that held their contract—symbolically

serfs, yet legally employees. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled in 1952 that baseball was not a monopoly or trust, a decision upheld in 1975 when player Curt Flood attempted to break the system and hand down freedom road. The reserve clause in player contracts, which bound them for life, was outlawed until 1976, when a board of arbitrators decided that Andy Messersmith—hence all players—could be unattached, a free agent awaiting the highest bidder. The media dream that followed, naming Reggie Jackson, Carlton Fister, Rod Carew, Nolan Ryan, Pete Rose et al. into instant millionaires was perfectly ironic in history was waiting for fans but didn't leave the owners laughing. Batters were restricted to lachrymose levels, the players at back and ended. Perhaps in a move to protect themselves from each other, the owners made it clear in this season's debate that they were out to win free agency.

As part of the new basic agreement, the owners demanded compensation—a top-flight player—for the loss of an "elite" free agent, one bid for at least eight teams. By the old pact, they required an amateur draft choice. The players' union balked, remembering their newly won freedom from 1967 shakedown. An expense was struck,



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owners eyeing their strike fund (cleared from a two-pen-cent surcharge on tickets the past two seasons) and strike insurance that would supply them with \$1 million per day for 30 days once a strike became 15 days old. "We don't have a fund," said Blue Jays player representative Roy Howell, "but we've been telling the players for the last year to put a little aside."

It had seemed as if the negotiations had been put aside, the owners stem on forcing a strike. But until a fortnight before the players' deadline did the talks get serious. As the May 22 midnight deadline approached, players' concessions (reduced pension contributions, lower base salary, a one-year ban on free-agency) were rejected, and the players prepared to pick their bugs. Many, like Toronto's hot-hitting Jose Woods, planned to go home. "I'll just go back to the Golden Gate bridge... and jump off." Others, like Ray Howell, would stick around. "I'll play real hockey with the kids in the morning and have them slug fly balls for me in the afternoon," some, like Detroit's Tom Brookens, weren't worried. "I've saved up \$25 or \$30." His team-mate Mitch Wilcox joked, "I'm independently wealthy, so it really doesn't matter." Blue Jay Rick Bazzett saw this strike as a chance to get out and promote his new book. "I'll probably still be out of the back of my car." Then there were the truly independently wealthy, like Reggie Jackson of the New York Yankees. "I have a commercial scheduled for jeans on Tuesday, have to wait with Standard Brands, the people that make my candy bar, Friday, then meet with Paramount to do a commercial for them. I might not even get to go home." As the negotiators huddled in a New York hotel, it was a meeting that would drag on until 5 a.m. and eventually resolve the dispute, players scored little of the acrimony that had surrounded the bargaining. "They say the strike fellow is going to get hurt," and Jackson "Well, it's going to cost me \$5,000 a day if the auto-workers come out on strike, and the people saying I make too much, one bit more than I like me, they can make money like me. Maybe we should take the apple pie away for a while and let everyone reassess, re-evaluate their thinking. But, as the Bible says, 'This too will pass'."

Negotiations lasted then 18 hours later it did. An agreement was reached "to be ratified by the players." The bugs were expelled, fishing rods broken down and put away, golf clubs left in gather dust, and fans streamed back into the ballpark. The Chicago Cubs were out, and both the Los Angeles Dodgers 2-0 before anyone had ratified the new agreement. Ironically, the Blue Jays

and Montreal Expos weren't properly registered with their appropriate provincial labor relations boards, so they couldn't have struck anyway. They would have been without opponents, but with psychics. Funny strike ☐

After 40 years the Cup returns

"Who's producing this thing anyway, Chuck Barrie?" The Toronto sportswriter's question in mid-series was a valid one. After the successful opening game at the Stanley Cup final, won by the New York Islanders 4-3 overtime, the Flyers of Philadelphia led their way to a convincing 4-2 win. The Islanders, playing in their first-ever final, then slaved back with 6-2 and 5-2 wins, seemingly taking command of the series. What next? A 4-2 win by the



Nystrom scoring winning goal; Potvin with Cup (right) 'celebrates trophy in the world'

Flyers, with fans waiting so near the "puck."

But, after game six, bells were ringing all over Long Island. For the first time in 41 years, the Stanley Cup came back to New York. The final game had all the drama worthy of the watchful eye of CBS, the US network, as Bob Nystrom scored after seven minutes and 11 seconds of overtime to win it for the Long Islanders. The series had resembled from game twelve in Boston, but it came together in the finale.

Nystrom started it off by stepping in to protect Olympic gold medalist Ken Morrow from the wings of Flyer Bob Kelly. He followed up by tangling with Philadelphia's Captain Mal Brundage. Before the first period was over, Nystrom had collected 19 penalty minutes

But he was saving his best for later. The Flyers scored first before New York came back with two consecutive goals. Denis Potvin scored from close in front of the net with what the Flyers thought was a stick carried illegally over his shoulder. Then Bruce Buxton scored. The TV replays clearly showed that the goal was scored on an offside play. But the Flyers tied the game with just one minute and two seconds left in the period.

The Islanders went ahead in the second period 4-2 on goals by Mike Bossy and Nystrom. But as the penalties piled up on both sides, Philadelphia stormed back to tie it again, just over six minutes into the third period. The remark-



ably roared New York crowd, including a man wearing a replica of the Cup, cheered heartily, but they were back howling in overtime. Lorne Banning led John Tonelli, who broke over the Flyer blue-line with Nystrom. As the horn rang in the net, Tonelli flipped the puck into the lone Flyer defenseman, Moose Dupont, and Nystrom deflected the pass into the net. Delirious, pandemonium, Stanley Cup.

An expansion team in 1979, the Islanders under Coach Al Archibald had finally shed their well-earned reputation for failing in the playoffs. In their first final, they had won it all, and Nystrom was the perfect hero. When fighting and stick work threatened to dominate the series, Nystrom said, "We don't like to play that way but we want the Cup so badly we'll play that way to win." He did, and they did. Team-mate Bryan Turek won the Conn Smythe Trophy as the series' most outstanding player, having set a playoff record scoring 36 points. And Morrow, adding the Cup to his gold, said, "This is better. Looking at that Cup, well, it's the greatest trophy in the world." The National Hockey League season was finally over, spring was in full bloom and, until this time next year at least, the Cup will reside on Long Island. **B4.**

Black & White

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One strike and you're out at the next ball game

By Alan Fotheringham

There are, gentle reader, 11 ball players in the suddenly trendy constitutional game that gallops after the Quebec referendum. You're going to be told, any viewer, more than you really want to know about constitutional reform in the next year. So you will not be confused, here are the players.

Bill Davis of Ontario, the fat kid on the block. Could be strong influence but handicapped by life-long habit of speaking as if mouth full of marbles. Takes a skin diver to untangle one of his sentences. Been talking non-English for so long, audiences and opponents automatically go into one long snort when he opens mouth. Very nervous at being overthrown by Liberal leader Stuart Smith. Further nervous because Ontario, lagging at the industry, knows it's at the mercy of the disaster car industry's inevitable rewards for building 94-foot gas-guzzlers. Couldn't be bothered taking two more allocation houses to how to pronounce the French portion of a social Montreal speech on referendum. Has pulled away his dent. Eager disappointment.

Dick Mulroney of New Brunswick, most passionate of all the premiers. Also only bossman. May be a connection. Marriage an enemy of passion, too. Zsa Zsa Gabor notwithstanding. Tory, but strong defender of Trudeau's latrine on central power. Most sophisticated of this lot, likes to travel in Morocco. Best after-dinner story is on the night he took his cat. Actually read. Elected in New Brunswick, but no one ever said he had to live there. Probably defeated next time. Safe as well as he talks.

Starting lines of *Maclean's* (7th) re-tory. Doesn't like progress. Defends Trudeau. Pertinacious, feeling is mutual so no one's emotions are hurt. Still laughing each year at Winnipeg

Beer and Skits while performers compare him to outrageous parts of anatomy. Manitoba only western province not rolling its boulder. Tends to make Lyng, at it would anyone, nervous. Feels misunderstood. Not dressed.

Brian Mulroney of Newfoundland, new tough kid on the block. Resembles Charles Atlas kicking sand in the face of sometimes after the exercises worked. Wants Ottawa to give up rights to oil-shale oil, fish, Scotch and Gordon Bennett. School teacher, with school-



teacher's courtesy of name. Tory. Youngest of premiers, eager to surpass Lougheed as most obnoxious. Repeat on New Brunswick, same, moans. Has to make headlines. No New Brunswick, this lot.

Peter Lougheed of Alberta, reigning heavyweight champ. Fleeing franchises at threat of new challenge. Still burns at what eastern money can do to his father. Prepared to go to wall with Gertie over fair oil prices. Still minding CIBC. Doesn't think much of Joe Clark. Less power. Tells one joke per session. Tory. Would be as fun on a lifeboat.

Angus MacLean of Prince Edward Island, has no friends. Most unknown of premiers. With reason P.E.I. as interesting in constitutional talk. Possible power not very smart nation. Tory, if anyone cares.

Alain Blais of Saskatchewan, intellectual leader of premiers. Does not stay out late. Only one who can match

creations with Trudeau. Saskatchewan no longer a Depression joke. Has better long-range resources than Alberta. Blais raised in Manitoba but switched to Prairie. Thinks wearing what resembles some. And never has to wear rubber boots. Only one premier. Might like to be national leader.

John Buchanan of Nova Scotia, not taken seriously except by his hardmaster. Subverted the hardmaster from former premier Gerry Byrne. Hardmaster Nova Scotia's best, natural, resource.

Tony Provencher can only beg Ottawa at constitutional talks and hold on going around the curve. Bill Bennett of British Columbia, best of old-school shadow of the beach. Worried about looking sinister on TV. Bennett BC being regarded as the Brooklyn of Canada. Only premier who has never gone to university. This bothers no one, but it does Bennett. Bennett facts his constitutional ideas not taken seriously in Ottawa. Perceives tennis player in trouble politically, his government looking as if it did come from Brooklyn. Lesser Social Credit, whatever that means.

Bob LaSalle of Quebec, shortest of the premiers. Maybe most stiff. Considerable TV performer. Speaks better English than all the English premiers. Loved by even his pretentious wife Wendy. Walks like a Louisiana. Would be interesting competition in lifeboat. Does not like Pierre Trudeau. Will probably win next election. Parti Québécois, which means social democratic/nationalist/supranationalist/Lebanese party. Tory hero. Sensitive.

Pierre Trudeau of Ontario, renowned by superb performance in referendum debate. Now timing his moves like Muhammad Ali, only a few seconds each round. Will be around until 1994. Has come to less power. Does not like René Lévesque. Once a socialist, elected in Liberal, secretly a Tory. Likes 50 Series. Drive more than Starnway. More servants. Also better view, especially across floor at Joe Clark. Nelloving—like an old chain saw.



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